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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, Q.C.,
GOVERNMENT LEADER IN THE SENATE OF CANADA.

(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

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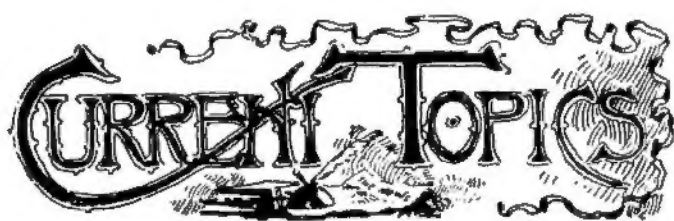
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A remarkable impulse has of late been given to the work of colonization. The governments of Europe are vying with each other in schemes for the acquisition of new territory on which to settle some portion of the crowded population of the continent. In Great Britain fresh enterprises are being constantly started for the same purpose. Colleges have been established with a view to the preparation of young men of means for the farm in the new lands of the Empire. To meet the demand Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other colonies, as well as our own Dominion, are offering inducements to immigrants of every class. The United States, Mexico, Brazil and the Argentine Republic have also immense tracts of unoccupied land more or less suitable for settlement.

For residents of the British Isles it might be thought that none of these rival claimants of Europe's emigration possessed so many advantages as Canada. It is easily reached at a moderate cost, it has ample means of communication, it is well provided with facilities for education and worship, enjoys the utmost freedom, civil and religious, and is altogether adapted to make the industrious and prudent settler prosperous and happy. For three-quarters of a century the promoters of immigration to Canada had to compete at a disadvantage with our more pushing, better advertised and more favoured neighbours. In the Old Country hardly any effort was made to retain the allegiance of those who crossed the Atlantic by directing them to the St. Lawrence rather than to the Hudson. Only now and then some loyal and far-seeing Englishman deprecated an indifference which was virtually building up a foreign power at the Empire's expense.

After the federation of the provinces it was felt that a more decided effort should be made to attract a fair share of Great Britain's emigration to Canada. Ontario made the first practical move, at the suggestion of Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, by sending the late Hon. Thomas White on a special mission to England, where his lectures opened the eyes of many to the importance of Canada as a home for emigrants. The Dominion Government has, since the opening of the North-West to settlement, and more especially since the inauguration of the Pacific Railway, lost no opportunity of urging the value of our vast prairie country as a field for colonization. The pamphlets issued by the Department of Agriculture and by the Railway Companies have spread the fullest information concerning our resources. Experts have traversed Canada from sea to sea and set forth the characteristics of every province.

Our soil, our climate, our mines, our fisheries, our scenery, our people, our institutions have been described by men of science, by special commissioners, by tourists enraptured with the boundless and varied wealth of the country. Farmers, professors of agriculture, capitalists, flocked westward to the new wonderland, the fame of which had gone abroad. Winnipeg grew up by magic. At the western terminus of the line Vancouver has surpassed it in the rapidity of its development. In the long interspace the transformation has been surprising.

But the progress achieved, welcome though it be, is but the starting-point to an ever-receding goal. The population of the North-West is a mere handful. It has been estimated that Canada beyond Lake Superior could support 100,000,000 souls, and still have a surplus of 600,000,000 bushels of grain for export. Such being the case (and this estimate is no mere guess), it is of the utmost importance that the work of colonization should be pushed forward with all possible vigour. The settler of to-day has rare opportunities. The pioneers of Ontario had to cope with hardships of which the modern immigrant knows nothing. To take up land formerly in the new districts was to accept isolation, drudgery, the lack of the conveniences of life, and years of up-hill struggle. Now all that is changed. Our settlers have the railways brought to their doors. If it does not precede them, it promptly follows them. They never leave the range of civilization. Before the close of the present year there will hardly be an inhabited spot in the Dominion unprovided with the means of access to the great centres of population and business. The rapidity with which the North-West has been brought into virtual vicinity with the world beyond on every side has been phenomenal. There are densely peopled countries that have not a tenth of its privileges in this respect. The advantages that it offers to the new-comer could hardly be exaggerated. All that has been written on the subject during the last ten years does not exhaust it. The pamphlets of two or three years ago would misrepresent its actual condition. What the settlers said in 1886 would but feebly shadow forth the prosperity they have since attained.

Of course, allowance must be made for droughts and other evils to which every land out of Paradise is subject. There are also, doubtless, instances of failure in the midst of general prosperity. The conditions of human life—which depend largely on individual character—are the same everywhere. Nevertheless, with all necessary deductions, western Canada is surpassed, as a field for immigration, by no country in the world. It has all the merits of a virgin soil, with its rare resources still undeveloped, with all the boons of advanced civilization. The lover of good things can fare sumptuously; the man of culture can have his books and pictures; the sportsman can have his heart's desire; honest laborious poverty can raise itself to independence.

In Europe are these facts known? They have been repeated again and again by men who "dare not lie"—men like Professors Tanner, Fream, Sheldon. We have our High Commissioner in London in constant communication with the classes and individuals who direct opinion. We have our immigration agents in the chief cities of the United Kingdom. The Hon. H. Fabre represents our interests in the French capital. A large number of persons resident in Great Britain

and Ireland and on the continent have visited Canada—some of them on special missions connected with emigration—and are aware of its advantages. That there are thousands upon thousands in the Mother Country who would gladly better their condition by transferring their penates across the sea, were they assured of success—including health and happiness—in their new homes no one need be told. Apart from the poorer classes, who require guidance, there are a great many above the fear of poverty, yet without any profitable scope for their energies, who would find in Canada just the opening that they long for.

Possibly a stray pamphlet or lecture or letter in a newspaper has given them a vague notion of the North-West. But they need something more than that. They may, perhaps, have heard disparaging remarks on what is called "Emigration Literature." They may recall Dickens's satirical description of "Eden," and be tempted to look upon the glowing accounts of New Canada as purposely exaggerated. Prejudices are slowly removed, and, even in this day of rapid communication, trustworthy information is but slowly acquired.

What the people of the United Kingdom really need, to have a just appreciation of Canada, as a home for immigrants, is to have its grand features, resources, industries, social life, kept constantly before them, till they become familiarized with them. An Englishman who sees an engraving taken from a photograph, of a prairie harvest scene, of a British Columbia rose garden, of the streets of some of our young western cities, with their beautiful churches, giant hotels, and busy factories, of the elevators along our great railway, of a hunting party in Manitoba or a tennis court in some Rocky Mountain town, will have glimpses of our industrial and social life that cannot fail to make an impression on his mind. Now, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, as its name implies, and as was clearly announced on its first publication, was intended to serve this very purpose. In England the scenes depicted in its pages have created a surprise and admiration which have been expressed both in journals and private letters, and we are convinced from what we have learned that its distribution through the reading rooms of the United Kingdom would repay manifold the outlay thus occasioned to the Government. Perhaps for us to say so is departing from that seemly reserve which should guide and check the editorial pen. This, however, is a question that concerns the interests of the Dominion too closely to leave any consideration for feelings of personal delicacy. Three bound volumes are now ready for the shelves of the libraries, and the stranger who turns their pages will know more of what awaits him in Canada than he would gather from many volumes of statistics.

THE DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

A few days ago a deputation consisting of Mr. D. M. McPherson, of Lancaster, Ont., Professor Barnard, Secretary to the Quebec Council of Agriculture, and Mr. Fisher, M.P. for Brome, had an interview with the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa, on the subject of the Dairymen's Convention, which it is purposed to hold during the present month. The 17th, 18th and 19th of February have been fixed upon as the days on which the meeting will take place, and the capital of the Dominion will be the locality. The importance of the dairy interests of the Dominion

can hardly be over-estimated, and this fresh stage in the development of the industries comprised under that head must be welcomed by the agricultural, industrial and commercial classes all over the country. The gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the project are a guarantee for its success. Mr. Barnard has been associated with all the best directed efforts to promote this branch of our agricultural resources in this province, and Mr. McPherson has shared in the organizations adopted for the same end both in Ontario and Quebec. His evidence before the Ontario Agricultural Commission—the report of which is the most valuable contribution to our statistical literature that has yet seen the light—had no small influence in advancing the cause of cheese and butter making in Canada. Still more precious has been his own example. Mr. Macpherson has shown how the principle of combination in cheese manufacture can be made a success. Beginning in 1870, with a dairy of eight cows, he persevered till by gradual additions the number of his factories rose to nearly seventy, turning out in a single year between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 pounds of cheese, which enormous output was all sold in the English market for more than \$350,000. We shall take another opportunity of showing in fuller detail the results of Mr. Macpherson's extraordinary enterprise.

The factory system of cheese-making began in Canada about the year 1864—simultaneously in Ontario (Upper Canada, as it was then called) and the Eastern Townships. In 1866 a marked extension took place. A number of farmers determined to try coöperation, with more or less success, and capitalists saw that they could thus turn their money to account. In 1866 the exports of Canadian dairy products amounted to \$2,217,764. Ten years later this sum had risen to \$6,292,162. Five years later it rose to \$9,083,477. In the year ending with June last, as we see by the Tables of Trade and Navigation just issued, it amounted to \$9,909,905, of which \$9,247,642 represented Canadian produce. In these figures, which show better than any explanation, the course of upward development through which our dairy interests have passed during nearly a quarter of a century, the proportions of cheese and butter have undergone a complete transformation. In 1886 the value of the cheese exports was only \$123,494, compared with \$2,094,270—that of butter. But the factory system gave such an impulse to cheese-making that in 1874 the figures stood as follows: Cheese, \$3,523,201; butter, \$2,620,305. In ensuing years the disproportion constantly increased, until last year, when the export of butter had a value of only \$392,655, whereas that of cheese was \$9,517,250. It will thus be seen that cheese has done more than take the lead; it has left the butter industry so far behind that its place in the list of exports is deplorably insignificant.

The decline in the butter industry has been variously accounted for. Though some of it is excellent, as good as any in the world, it has, unhappily, become unpopular in the British market. In this province, Mr. W. H. Lynch has been making strenuous efforts to bring our butter up to the same standard as that of Canadian cheese, and we believe that his efforts have not been altogether fruitless. Certain it is that there are no insurmountable obstacles to be overcome, and with due organization, supervision and attention to the simple rules that have been placed in the hands of most

of our farmers, there is reason to hope that ere long Canadian butter will be as highly prized as Canadian cheese. The latter is ranked with the finest English Cheshire and Cheddar, and some connoisseurs even prefer it. Attention to the choice, care and diet of cows, proper dairy accommodation and apparatus, fastidious cleanliness and unfailing judgment in the treatment of milk—on all which points Mr. Lynch lays stress—are sure to produce the desired results. It is not in Ontario and Quebec only that our dairy industries may receive encouragement from the approaching convention. The Maritime Provinces have a considerable share in the dairy production of the Dominion. But it is in the North-West especially that we may look for great developments in the coming years. Manitoba and the Territories have of late devoted much attention to dairy farming, and there, too, the factory system is coming into vogue. Last year some of the Manitoba farmers withdrew their milk from the cheese factories and used it for butter-making. The *Commercial* regrets this reactionary movement, the results of which have not been satisfactory. The cheese, though the production, for this and other reasons, was rather light, was well received. Both cheese and butter have been shipped to the Pacific coast. Many parts of British Columbia are, however, well adapted for dairying on a large scale, the rich pasture lands of the mainland interior supporting cattle with great advantage to the owners. The growth of the dairy industries in that fine province is only a matter of time. Meanwhile, we look hopefully forward to the work of the Convention, confident that it will prove a very real stimulus to dairying in the Dominion.

THE TORONTO LOAN EXHIBITION.

There is no manner of doubt that the collection of paintings now on view in the Toronto Art Gallery at the Academy of Music is in all respects far superior to any previous exhibition of art, which the public has had the opportunity of studying here. The display of pictures is comprehensive, embracing, as it does, upwards of a hundred examples of the work of American and foreign artists, many of them men of the first rank, and whose manner of painting landscape figures and animals, illustrates very varied schools of art. These valuable works are the property of the Eden Music American Company, by whom they have been loaned to the present exhibition. Any detailed description of them would be beyond the scope of this notice and the space allotted to it; two or three of the most important will be indicated and briefly noticed, while more space will be devoted to the most notable work of Canadian exhibitors. The latter are a numerous body, whose work is necessarily of very unequal merit; most of the names best known in the Canadian world of art are represented by one or more pictures which, as a whole, show much of satisfactory performance, but still more of genuine promise. The motive of Mr. Bridgman's picture, No. 126, "Boy Overboard," is more satisfactory than the manner in which he has carried it out. The figures are vigorously sketched, and the lower part of the picture altogether is very good work, indeed, but the same can hardly be said of the large sail of the boat, and of the distance. The work of the artist and also that of Mr. Paul G. Wickson shows signs of foreign training and study. The latter's No. 128 is a bright, well-finished picture of a simple subject, evidently painted from life. The careful drawing even of the chickens, which the girl holds in her arms, is a contrast to the unfinish and carelessness of some of the Canadian exhibitors. There is comfortable, warm colour in Mr. Reed's picture, "Dreaming," No. 177. But why, in such a large picture, is so

little of the detail of the figure shown? If the same model was employed as in No. 259, "Resting," there is perhaps little cause to complain that the face is hidden, but Mr. Reed should paint a figure in the light occasionally. A small picture of moonlight at the east end of the room is a successful treatment of a very difficult effect. Pictures by C. W. Eaton, W. Brymner, H. Sandham, Harris and Mrs. Schreiber demand a tribute of praise.

"The Dominion's Daughter," of Hamilton Hamilton deserves more than a passing notice did space permit it. No. 69, "Donkey Shearing," and No. 70, a "Cattle and Landscape," by Ogden Wood, are charming little animal studies, deserving of more attention than some larger canvasses. Mr. Bell Smith's landscapes, notably 129, "Artists Camp Among the Rockies," which merit a better place than the sky-line, are fresh and dexterous in handling, with an excellent feeling for colour and tone. It is difficult to see how the portrait of the little boy near the entrance could have been accepted in what is so generally a first-class exhibition. Mr. Martin shows a number of sketches which cause a regret that the time spent on them had not been devoted to two or three more finished pictures. It is surprising that the painter of No. 205, "A Shepherdess," has allowed the lamb in his picture to be seen by the public. Of the paintings by foreign artists, included in the loan collection, the large picture, "Departure of Emigrants from Havre," by A. P. Dawunt, naturally takes precedence. This important work demands several visits, and a prolonged session on the settees and chairs, arranged before it for that purpose. The whole canvass is painted in broad masterly style, with no hesitation of touch. The numerous groups in the foreground are well relieved by the figures in the shadow of the sheds. The misery of the little group on the left is so powerfully depicted that the faces composing it are intensely pathetic. There is pathos in other of the various groups, and several types of nationality are unmistakable, but if Frith had been painting the subject, and it is one that would suit him well, there would certainly have been a greater variety of incident amongst the figures. Very different in manner is No. 104, "The Soldier's Meal," P. Grothorn, a picture that will be seen and studied with delight by artists and the public alike. Thoroughly realistic and beautifully painted and finished throughout, especially is there exquisite suggestion in the figure, in the middle distance. This is really the most perfect picture in the collection. No. 102, "Daily Bread," A. Hoerber, is the least good of the large pictures of the loan collection. It is in the style of those clever Frenchmen who devote themselves to the sea shore for inspiration, but freshness and light are wanting in the landscape and the figures lack drawing. The Russian picture, "Fistic Duel," No. 103, is painted in the careful smooth style that the grandfathers of this generation delighted in. There is much of interest in this dramatic representation of a scene of the prize ring in the Czar's dominion in the olden time. "Christopher Sly," by C. Loomis, displays much knowledge of character and power of illustrating it; this is one of the most noted pictures of the loan collection. This short notice of a very important exhibition must not be concluded without a word as to the admirable gallery in which the pictures are so well displayed. The rooms are excellently lighted and provided with every convenience proper to a well-appointed picture gallery. R. W. T.

YET ANOTHER.

Time's æther wave, eternal born,
Another Phœbic ring hath shed:
The tangle of its broken thread
Floats fatuous like a hope outworn.

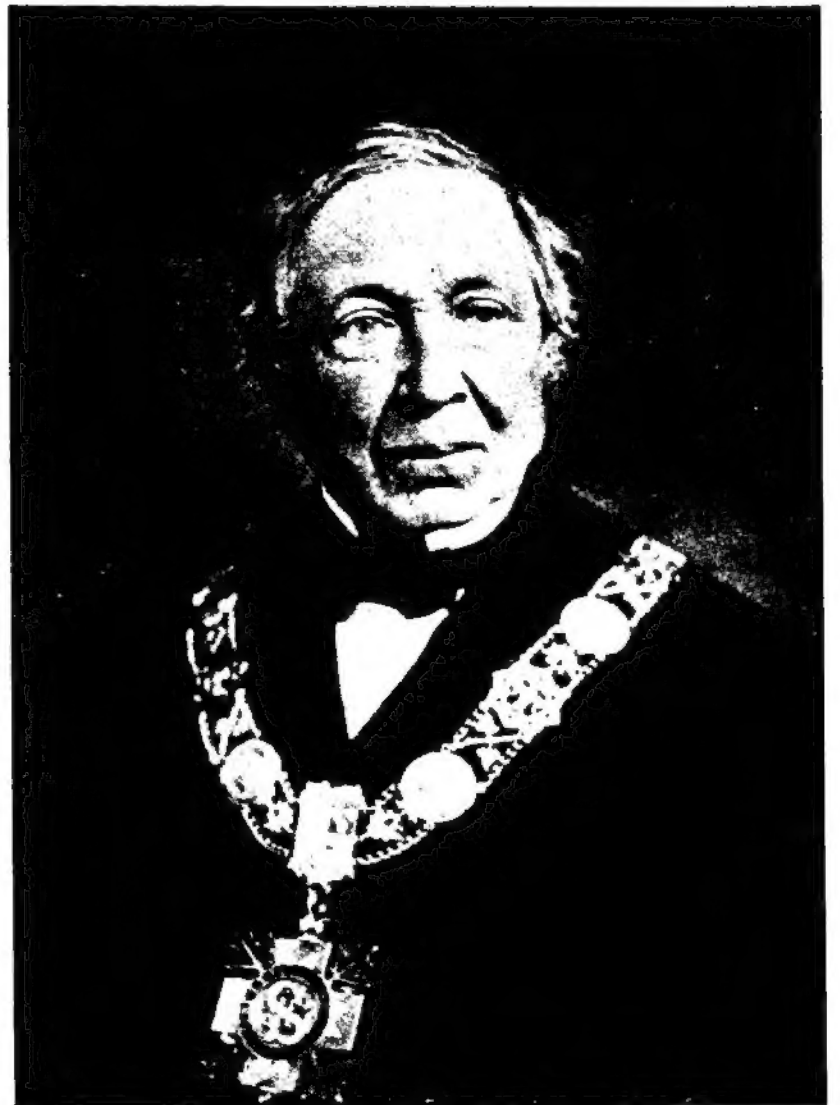
Its vapour lines of months and days
Entwine a wreath in black and gold,
With sombre plaits in every fold,
And threads that gleam like silken rays.

And we, who prize life's sweet reprieve,
Shall place it on the New Year's brow,
A souvenir to bless our vow—
With wisdom's woof the best to weave

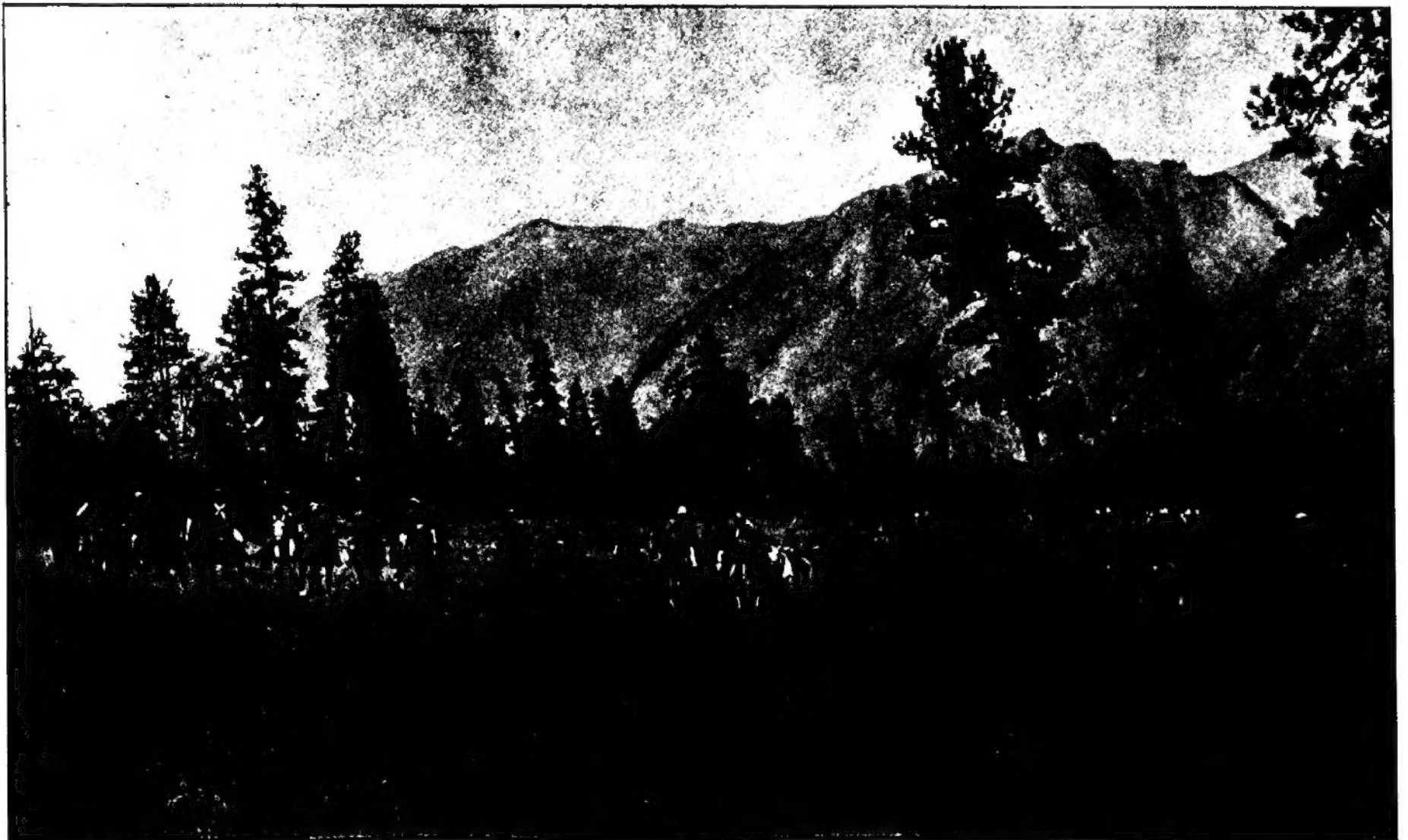
J. M. HARPER.



THE LATE HON. F. X. A. TRUDEL, SENATOR.
(De Morat, photo.)



THE LATE HON. C. S. RODIER, SENATOR.
(Larin, photo.)



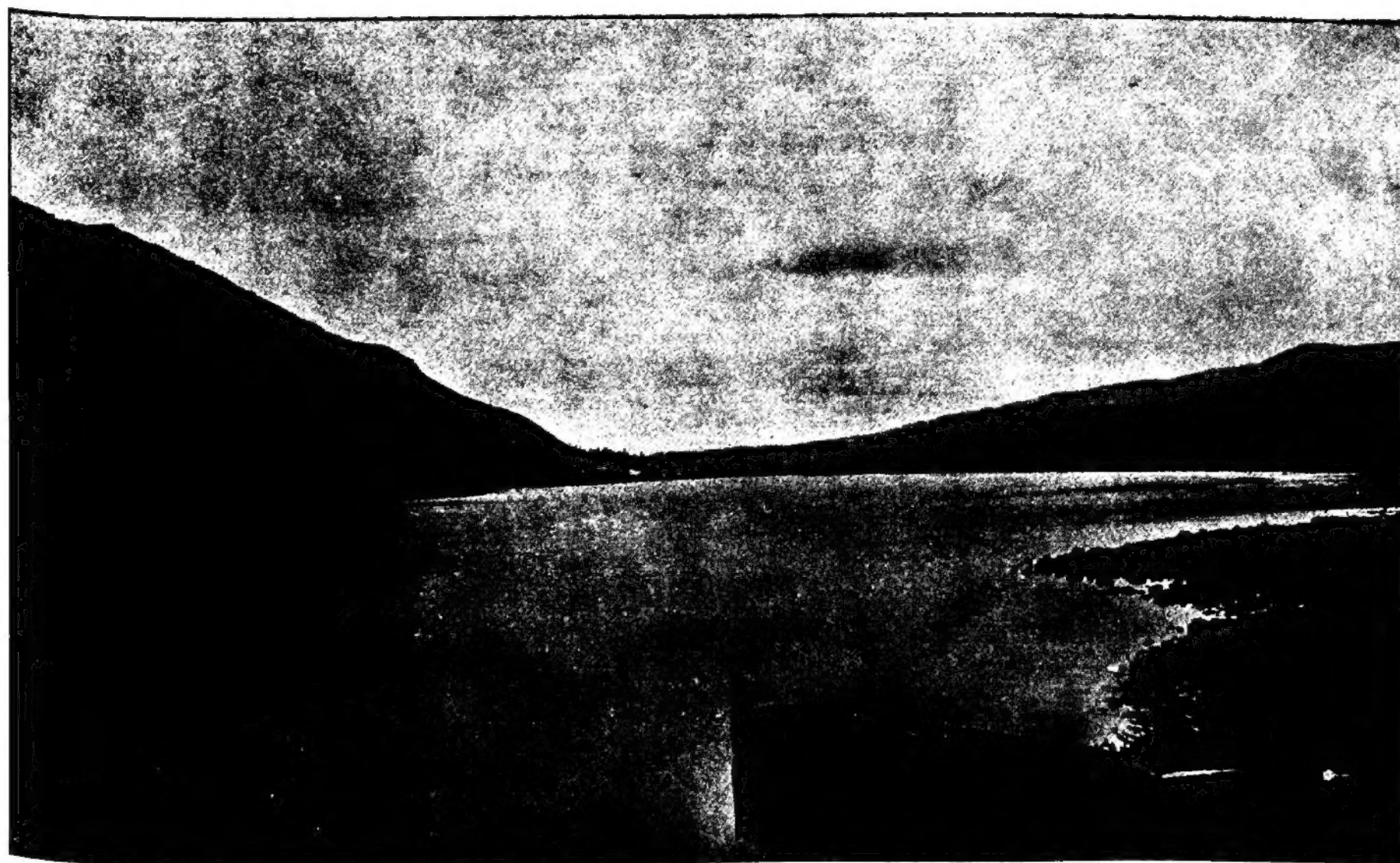
NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE PACK TRAIN, FOOT OF THE ROCKIES, ALBERTA, N.W.T.



GRANT POWELL, EX-UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE.
(Topley, photo.)



W. OGILVIE, ESQ., D.L.S.
(Topley, photo.)



MR. OGILVIE'S EXPLORATION ON THE YUKON.—VIEW ON THE LEWES (OR YUKON) RIVER, ABOUT 240 MILES FROM THE SEA.
(From photos. lent by the Surveys Branch, Dept. of the Interior, Ottawa.)



THE HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, SENATOR, P.C., ETC.—This engraving is that of a gentleman with whose appearance many of our readers are well acquainted and of whose public services they are all aware. Mr. Abbott is a native of this province, having been born in 1821 at St. Andrews, in the County of Argenteuil, which he so long represented in Parliament. His father was the Rev. Joseph Abbott, M.A., first Anglican incumbent of St. Andrews, who had come to Canada in 1818 as a missionary. He was a man of considerable attainments, and as a writer won a reputation among Canada's literary pioneers. He married Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Richard Bradford, first rector of Chatham, Argenteuil County. Mr. Abbott, the oldest of the family, after a careful training under his father's supervision, entered McGill College, where he graduated as B.C.L., and in 1847 he was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. In 1859 he began his political career as representative of his native county in the Legislature of United Canada, a position which he retained till the inauguration of the federal régime. In 1862 he became Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Sicotte Government. In 1867 he was returned by Argenteuil as its member in the Dominion House of Commons, in which important body he served until 1874. During the six following years Mr. Abbott was unassociated with public life. He had already won a high position both as a lawyer and legislator. To him was due the Insolvent Act of 1864, the principle of which has been the foundation of all subsequent reforms in the bankruptcy law. His annotated manual of the act was so lucid and satisfactory to inquirers that Mr. Abbott was ever after recognized by the commercial community as a man of clear and logical mind whose opinion on business matters could be implicitly relied upon. The Jury Consolidation Act for Lower Canada and other important measures confirmed this reputation. His practice has always been extremely large. He has been legal adviser to some of the great corporations that have helped to build up Canada, especially the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and has been entrusted with some critical missions affecting the welfare of the country. In 1879 he accompanied Sir H. L. Langevin to Great Britain in relation to the *Letellier coup d'état*, as it was called—an event which, both for its political and constitutional bearings, is among the most memorable in our later history. Ten years later he was appointed a Commissioner to negotiate with Australia as to closer commercial relations with Canada. Meanwhile, Mr. Abbott had been for two years—1887-88 and 1888-89—Mayor of Montreal, having been called to that high position, mainly that the city might have the benefit of his legal lore in the formulation of its new charter. In May, 1887, he was invited by Sir John Macdonald to enter the cabinet, without portfolio, and since then he has been the spokesman of the Government in the Senate—a position for which he is admirably adapted. In 1849 the Hon. Mr. Abbott married Miss May Bethune, daughter of the late Very Rev. John Bethune, for over half a century Rector, and for many years Dean, of Montreal, by whom he has several children.

THE LATE HON. F. X. A. TRUDEL, Q.C., SENATOR, ETC.—The original of this portrait was doubtless not unknown to many of our readers, as for a number of years he had been one of the most noted of the public men of this province. Francois Xavier Anselme Trudel was born on the 29th of April, 1838, at Ste. Anne de la Pêrade, where his family held a position of influence. By birth and marriage he was connected with some of the most noteworthy persons in Quebec. Having been educated at Nicolet College, Mr. Trudel studied law, and in 1861 was called to the Bar. In 1880 he was made a Q.C. It was in connection with journalism, however, that he was destined to acquire what was most enduring in his reputation and influence. Having been for a time associated with *La Minerve* and other journals, he, with certain friends, clerical and lay, established *L'Etendard*. He had already founded, or helped to found, *La Revue Canadienne*, but it was in the pages of *L'Etendard* that he disseminated those views on political, social and religious questions, on which he depended for the regeneration of his fellow-countrymen. Senator Trudel was not singular in being a sincere Catholic and a sincere monarchist. What marked him off from the other leaders of our time was the logical consistency with which he adhered to his standard of faith and rejected all compromises with "the spirit of the age." He was a Conservative of the Conservatives, and though, for some years before his death, he gave his sanction to the National Liberal Coalition, he remained to the last at variance with his allies on certain important questions. He deprecated the application to his section of Mr. Mercier's supporters of the term "Liberal," as out of harmony with the doctrines of the Church and with allegiance to the best traditions of monarchical government. At the same time he drew a clearly marked line of partition between Conservatism, as he understood it, and that which passes for Conservatism in the party nomenclature of the Dominion. He strove hard to have the designation of "National" universally accepted by both divisions of the coalition, and though the effort had but a partial success—most of the Liberals clinging to their old name—it was not without result in the

consolidation of French Canada on the basis of racial and religious sentiment. As a writer, Senator Trudel was often lucid and forcible, but he sometimes weakened his articles by digressions and superfluous details. His treatise, "Nos Chambres Hautes," a defence of the principle of Upper Houses of Legislature, is, though otherwise able, marred by excess of illustration, and the introduction of irrelevant parallels. Yet its very diffuseness, though detracting from its value to the student of constitutional practice, makes it a work of rare interest. It bears the impress of a strong individuality and abounds in various information. Much of the fluency wielded by Senator Trudel in the last stage of his career was due to an unusual combination of circumstances. But he would, in any case, have been an important figure in the life and movement of our time. He had taken part in public affairs since 1871, in which year he entered the Quebec Assembly as member for Champlain. In October, 1873, he was called to the Senate, and for twelve years afterwards was a faithful supporter of Sir John Macdonald. But the opinions with which his name is associated he had held and formulated long before his secession from the Conservative party. Senator Trudel's popularity was evinced by his election as president of the "Cercle Littéraire" and the "Union Catholique." In private life he was esteemed even by those who disagreed with him in politics, and had many friends. He married in 1864 Marie Zoe Aimée, daughter of the late Hon. Louis Renaud. After a long and painful illness, borne throughout with Christian fortitude and exemplary patience, he passed away on the 17th ult., in the 52nd year of his age. That he should be thus cut off in the prime of his intellectual power is a source of regret, both to those who agreed with him and to those who differed from him.

THE LATE HON. C. S. RODIER, SENATOR OF THE DOMINION.—We present our readers in another column with a portrait of the late Hon. C. S. Rodier. The deceased gentleman, whose death causes another vacancy in the ranks of our legislators, of late so sadly depleted, was born in this city in the year 1818. He was the grandson of a surgeon of the French army, who came from Paris to this country in the middle of the last century. His father was Mr. J. B. Rodier. After an education which ended in his fifteenth year, he began his career at a salary of \$1 a week, but by business ability and economy he was able to realize a fortune estimated at nearly two million dollars. In 1838 Mr. Rodier was elected alderman for St. Antoine Ward, a position which he held for nine years, having been thrice re-elected by acclamation. He was also president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, churchwarden of Notre Dame, and president of St. Vincent de Paul Society. For half a century Mr. Rodier took a prominent part in public affairs, and held a number of important positions in addition to those already mentioned. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Beauharnois Battalion when it was first formed; he was one of the founders of the Jacques Cartier Bank, of which he was vice-president. He was also connected with several companies. He was a man of known generosity, and never refused aid to any deserving charity that was brought under his notice. Religion and education benefited by his munificence, and he was a devoted friend of the temperance cause. On the 17th of December, 1888, Mr. Rodier was nominated Senator for the division of Mille Îles, but he was not destined to enjoy the honour or discharge the responsibilities of his high position for much more than a year. He had suffered from disease of the kidneys, which, some time ago, took an acute and dangerous form, and, though the deceased Senator was able to be present at the opening of parliament, and was at his office a week ago, he took his bed on the evening of the 25th ult., and on the 26th, shortly after ten o'clock, he passed away. His death is regretted by a large circle of friends. In 1848 the late Senator married Mademoiselle Angélique, daughter of Mr. André Lapierre, of this city, who survives her husband. Eight children were born of the marriage: Dr. A. Rodier, professor in Laval University; Mr. Charles Rodier, a wealthy banker, of Valparaiso, Chili; Messrs. Elwin and Leopold Rodier; Mesdames A. Gelin, Dr. O'Leary, and A. L. DeMartigny, and Mademoiselle Eva Rodier.

MR. GRANT POWELL.—Mr. Grant Powell, ex-Under Secretary of State, is one of Canada's oldest civil servants, he having recently completed his 50th year of continuous service under the Crown. His father, Dr. Grant Powell, a son of William Dummer Powell (at one time Chief Justice of Upper Canada), came to America in 1804, and at the time of his death in Toronto in 1838, was Clerk of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. The subject of this sketch was born in Toronto on Sept. 2nd, 1819. He was educated at Upper Canada College, and, shortly after his father's death, entered the office of the Civil Secretary for Upper Canada in 1839. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. Samuel Proudfoot Hurd, who served as a commissioned officer in the Grenadier Guards at Waterloo, and was subsequently appointed Surveyor-General of the colony of New Brunswick, and afterwards Surveyor General of Upper Canada. After a continuous service of 44 years in the Secretary's office, during which time the office went through various stages of development, Mr. Powell received the appointment of Under Secretary of State in January, 1883. He has recently been placed on the retired list after a faithful service of half a century. Mr. Powell was an official with whom it was always a pleasure to transact business—always courteous, always genial, having a keen sense of honour, many friends and few enemies.

WILLIAM OGILVIE, D.L.S.—Mr. William Ogilvie, whose portrait we give in to-day's issue, was born in Ottawa city (then Bytown), April 7th, 1856, on the bank of the Ottawa river, not far from the Queen's wharf and within a stone's throw of Earnscliffe, the present residence of Sir John Macdonald. His primary education was received in the village of New Edinburgh. In 1865 his parents removed to the township of Gloucester, where there were not many educational facilities at that time, and he had to make the best of such opportunities as presented themselves, the best of them very poor—working on a farm in the summer months and attending country schools during the winter months. In 1866 he commenced the study of surveying, and in July, 1869, he passed his final examination as a surveyor, and practised his profession in a private capacity in the country around Ottawa until 1875, when he was employed by the Dominion Government in making surveys in the North-West Territories. Since then he has been almost continuously employed in that capacity, notably in 1822-3, connecting the Peace River Valley with the Dominion Lands Survey system, and making surveys of lands for future settlement on that river. In 1884 he made an instrumental exploratory survey of the Athabasca and Peace rivers from the Athabasca Landing on the former river, down it to Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, thence up the Peace River to Fort Dunvegan, comprising about 1,100 miles of work. In 1885 and 1886 he was employed in British Columbia making surveys in the railway belt and in the astronomic determination of longitudes of points along the railway. In 1887 he was sent by the Dominion Government to make an instrumental exploratory survey of the Lewes River, or as it will be perhaps better known as that part of the Yukon river which is above the Pelly river, and continue the survey down the Pelly or Yukon river to the international boundary, or boundary between Canada and Alaska. Here he was to remain all winter and take astronomical observations throughout the time he remained, to make a closely approximate determination of the position of the boundary where it crosses the Pelly or Yukon river. To arrive at this point he had first to get his outfit of surveying and astronomical instruments, and provisions, camps, canoes, and other necessities, in all about 11,000 pounds, from the coast at the head of Chilkoot Inlet on the Pacific coast, across the Coast Range of Mountains to the head of the Lewes river, in a small lake called Lake Lyndeman. The distance between those places is nearly 24 miles, and the summit of the pass through which the mountains are crossed rises about 3,400 feet above the sea. In this latitude the snow lies on the mountains more than three fourths of the year; on the summit of the pass it is said to lie from October till August. In June, 1887, when Mr. Ogilvie passed over with his outfit, there was about seven miles of the distance covered with from one or two feet to upwards of fifty feet in places. Owing to bad weather and trouble with the Indians in the locality, the party was detained here nearly three weeks getting their stuff over. The glare of the sun on the snow was very hard on the eyes. It brings on an inflammation called "snow blindness," which is exceedingly painful. If one fancies their eyes full of red-hot sand all the time they will have an idea what it is like. After getting all the outfit down to navigable water on the head of the Lewes or Yukon river, a boat was built capable of carrying about six tons. This took all the stuff down the river, while the survey was made with two Peterborough canoes, made specially for the work. The survey was started on the 12th of July, and the boundary was reached on September 14th. Here winter-quarters were built and observatories erected to take all the visible lunar culminations and occultations of stars by the moon at the place. The observatory was in latitude 64° 41' and longitude 140° 54'. A complete set of meteorological and magnetical observations were also taken. In February the latitude and longitude resulting from all the observations taken was determined, and the position of the boundary on the Yukon and Forty-Mile rivers marked. On the 3rd of March, 1888, preparations were made to leave for the Mackenzie river and a start made. The party was then reduced to four men, exclusive of Mr. Ogilvie, the rest having taken sick shortly before the start and remained behind to go down the river in the spring and home from the coast on the Alaska Fur Company's steamer *via* San Francisco. This they succeeded in doing. Meanwhile the rest of the party, with their outfit and provisions for six months, and all the instruments for the survey, all in duplicate, and the two canoes, in all about 3,000 pounds, proceeded down the Yukon about 40 miles to a small affluent called the Tatonduc, or in English the Broken Stone river. This was ascended to the head. On its assistance was procured from the Indians, who furnished nine teams of dogs, in all 36 dogs. They went to the head of the river, but nothing would induce them to go any further, as they are superstitious. A tribe of Indians, or rather ogres, they believe, inhabit the mountain ranges on the water-shed between the Yukon and Mackenzie. Their descriptions of some who had been seen by some of their people many years ago were very fanciful. After the Indians turned back, the party kept on over the summit of a water-shed, about 3,800 feet above sea level, to the head of Porcupine river. This was descended about 20 miles, the river going down in that distance about 1,500 feet; from that down the river fell about 50 feet to the mile. This was considered safe for canoes, and a halt was made here to await the opening of this river, which took place on the 28th of May. The ice was followed as it broke up and run down. On this river a descent of over 1,300 feet was made in about 80 miles.

after which it was easy and good water. Here the ice moved more slowly, and it was the 4th of June before the mouth of Bells river was reached. From the Yukon to the Bells river no white man had ever been before and very few Indians. It is many years since an Indian had been through. The whole distance is about 250 miles, of which about 110 miles was done in the water. Bells river was ascended about 40 miles, when it was left and the outfit packed on the travellers' backs over a pass through the Rocky Mountains. This pass is in latitude $67^{\circ} 45'$, and is about 1,500 feet above sea level and 8 miles long. When crossed—the middle of June—the ice was still solid on the lakes on it. From here a small affluent of the Mackenzie was descended in the canoes to the Peels river. A descent of 1,100 feet was made in 24 miles on the first mentioned stream. From Peels river an instrumental survey of the Mackenzie river was made up to Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca, where it was connected with a survey of the Athabasca river, made by Mr. Ogilvie in 1884, and this was connected with the system of Dominion Lands Survey. The distance surveyed on the Lewes or Yukon river was 700 miles; on the Mackenzie 1,400 miles—all instrumental. Between those rivers a rough survey was made of about 400 miles; and, on his way out from Lake Athabasca, Mr. Ogilvie came over and made a rough survey of about 240 miles, which had never before been trodden by white men. The party were absent twenty-one months, and were outside of all ken of civilization from May, 1887, until July, 1888, not having in that time received news in any way from home or friends.

VIEW ON THE YUKON (LEWES) RIVER, BELOW LAKE LABARGE.—This engraving shows one of the most beautiful expansions of the Lewes river. It is called Lake Labarge from one of the first explorers of this tributary of the Yukon. In 1867 Frank E. Ketchum, of St. John, N.B., and Michael Labarge, of Montreal, were sent out by the Union Telegraph Company, and ascended the Pelly or Yukon from Fort Yukon to the mouth of the Lewes, returning down the river. The lake is also known by other names, Schwatka calling it Kluktassi (supposed to be an attempt at its Tagish Indian name, Klotatsai), while Krause gives it the appellation of Tahiniwud. We prefer to let our townsman have the honour of so fair a namesake. Looking at it, as here depicted, no one would suppose that it was away up in latitude 61. Yet, after all, that is only a little north of the latitude of St. Petersburg, and Dr. Dawson, who calls the Yukon district one of Canada's "Reserves," feels confident that it will one day be occupied by an adventurous and not unprosperous population. The scene is 250 miles from the sea.

RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK.—Fort Selkirk, the ruins of which are shown in our engraving, was at one time the most important post of the Hudson Bay Company to the west of the Rocky Mountains in the far north, and with the exception of Fort Yukon, the most northerly permanent post that the company ever maintained in the North-West. It was founded by Mr. Robert Campbell, who rose to be a chief factor. To his energy the exploration of the Upper Liard and Yukon rivers is almost entirely due. In the spring of 1840 that gentleman was commissioned by Sir George Simpson to explore the north branch of the Liard to its source and to cross the height of land in search of any river flowing to the westward. The result was the expedition of the Pelly, which in 1842 the company determined to follow up. Early in June, 1843, Campbell left Fort Pelly Banks in a birch canoe, accompanied by an interpreter named Hoole, two French Canadians and three Indians. In due time they reached the mouth of the river which the explorer named the Lewes. At that point stories of Indian ferocity discouraged any further advance. But, in the winter of 1847-48, Campbell, having had boats built at Pelly Banks, set out to establish a fort at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes. The site first chosen was at the extreme point of land between the two rivers, but the locality being found subject to floods at the breaking up of the ice, the post was, in the spring of 1852, moved to a site a little below the mouth of the Lewes on the left bank. The existence of the fort at that place had, it seems, interfered with a lucrative trade, which the Chilcoots and Chilcats had been accustomed to carry on with the Wood Indians. In 1852, the establishment comprising one senior, one junior, clerk, and eight men, rumours of a meditated raid began to be current. Some of the friendly Indians voluntarily remained on guard, but in a moment of security, when they had inopportunely taken a holiday, the Coast Indians attacked the fort and the inmates had to surrender. On the 21st of August the fort was taken, pillaged and burned. The guardian Indians returned too late, the freebooters had escaped. On the 21st of October the daring Campbell, after a perilous journey, reached Fort Simpson with news of the disaster. He tried to obtain permission from the company to re-establish Fort Selkirk—in his eagerness travelling overland from Fort Simpson to Crow Wing, Minnesota, which he reached on the 13th of March. On the 18th of April he was in London. But all in vain. Later on it was learned that the local Indians had demolished the buildings at Fort Selkirk for the sake of the ironwork and nails. Later still, the fort seems to have been burned. Its present appearance is shown in our engraving. "One chimney, built of blocks, which must have been brought across the river and cemented with clay, which has been baked almost into brick by the combustion of the ruins of the fort, still stands erect and uninjured. The lower part of a second is near it, and the fragments of several others strew the ground, which is partly overgrown by small aspens. These and the traces of a couple of ex-

cavations, which have probably been cellars, are all that now remain to mark the site of the buildings which were pillaged by the Indians from the coast in 1852."

THE EAGLE'S NEST, LEWES (YUKON) RIVER.—The scene depicted in this engraving is in that part of the Lewes (Yukon) river which lies between Rink Rapid and the Little Salmon river. The valley of the river in this interval is in general somewhat irregular. Not far from the mouth of the Nordenskiöld a rock is described rising out of a gravel flat. This is the Eagle's Nest, which is unmistakably discernible in our picture. It is the most peculiar physical feature met with along the course of the river. In height it is about 500 feet above the level of the water. The river here is about 300 yards wide. The spot is some 300 miles from tide-water.

D. TROOP, NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, WITH PACK TRAIN, CROSSING THE ROCKIES.—This engraving is a spirited and characteristic illustration of North-West scenery and life. Major Steele, who is in command of the Troop, is seen riding in front, while his men, all fine manly fellows, follow his lead. The pack-train is coming up in the rear. The party are crossing the Rocky Mountains. While on a march of this kind, the troopers are generally followed by a number of Indians, who gather up the pickings left after breaking up of camp. The locality is Crow's Nest Pass, and the appearance of the country gives a good idea of the great grazing prairies of the Foot-hills, of which most of our readers have heard and which some of them doubtless have seen. These unfenced fields are covered with myriads of flowers.

THE BALL OF THE 13TH BATTALION, HAMILTON.—The animated scene depicted in this engraving is the ball given by officers and non-commissioned officers of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, on the evening of the 17th ultimo. The attendance, though not so large as had been expected, was large enough to make the event thoroughly enjoyable, between 300 and 400 persons being present. As far as depended on the making and carrying out of the arrangements, it was pronounced a decided success. The ball-room is said to have looked like a fairy scene, with hundreds of flags tastefully displayed, the handsome uniforms of the 13th and sister corps and the exceedingly pretty dresses of the ladies. Four guns lent by the Hamilton Field Battery were set at the corners of the dancing platform, with muzzles directed to the centre. At each post there was a pile of of rifles with fixed bayonets, and at different places in the hall bayonets stars reflected the brilliant light of the electric lamps placed there for the occasion. Dancing commenced at 9.30, the music being supplied by the splendid band of the regiment, under the able leadership of Bandmaster Robinson. The following took part in the first set of Lancers:—Major Moore and Miss B. Moore, Mr. F. E. Kilvert and Mrs. Billings, Mr. J. D. Lansby and Mrs. Oliver, Lieut. Tidswell and Mrs. Tidswell, Captain Stuart and Miss Mercer, Mr. H. A. Mackelcan and Miss Walker, Mr. H. Zealand and Miss Billings, Mr. Smart and Miss Mabel Young. The programme consisted of twenty-six dances, and it was a very early hour on Saturday morning before it was finished. The supper, which was served at one end of the main hall—tastefully screened off with a hedge of evergreens—commenced at about 11.30, and was entirely satisfactory. All the armouries were opened, and they made remarkably good sitting-out rooms. The members took just pride in showing the armouries to their friends. They are, indeed, a credit to the battalion. The floor was large enough to afford perfect facilities for waltzing. The 13th officers present were: Major Moore, Major Barnard, Major Mason, Capt. Stoneman, Stuart, Moore, Zealand and Mewburn, Lieuts. Tidswell, Bowman, Domville, Osborne and Witton; 2nd Lieuts. Labatt, Fearman, Bruce, Powis, Laidlaw and Hobson. The stewards were: Lieuts. Tidswell, Witton, Fearman, Laidlaw and Bruce; Corporals Cleaves, Richmond and Henderson; Privates Kidner, Dixon and Low; the president was Sergt.-Major Athawes; the treasurer was Sergt. Bismarck; and the secretary was Corporal Henderson. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. M. Gibson, Q.C., M.P.P., was unable to be present through illness, from which, however, he has since recovered. Lieut.-Colonel Villiers, D.A.G., was to have been present, but was unable to attend. Lieut. A. B. Rastrick (37th), a Hamiltonian, was present. The genial face of the rifle shot and musketry instructor, Capt. Adam, was missed from the merry throng, as he was suffering from influenza, as was also Capt. Reid. Major Mason was among those present. The committees in charge were as follows:—Music committee—Sergts. Healy and Martin and Pte. Murray; printing committee—Corp. Cleaves, Sergt. Claringbowl, Ptes. Moore, Kidner, Povey, Overholt, Armstrong, and Creen; refreshment committee—Sergt. Harvey, Ptes. Wray, Upstill, Kilgour, Bruce and Wood, Colour-Sergts. Blake and Skedden. Sergt.-Major Athawes was chairman of the executive. To the unwearied exertions of Corporal Henderson, the secretary, the success of the entertainment was largely due.

L'AMOUR QUI VIENT.—This engraving of Jean Aubert's lovely painting must be its own interpreter. Have the fair shepherdess and her swain no premonition of the coming visitor, who is to be their hearts' guest? We are inclined to think that the fair one knows well that he is at hand, and as for her companion, he needs no watery mirror to testify to charms that he has long since recognized. The group might pass for Enone and her Paris before Eris played that trick which cost the world so much woe and left the daughter of Mount Ida loverless and desolate. In motive and in execution it is worthy of a great painter.

THE McDOWELLS AT QUEBEC.

Quebec is generally considered a bad show town. Companies that do well in other places far smaller than the city of rocks, usually strike a snag here, and I know of one real excellent attraction that visited the city about eight weeks ago, and at popular prices could not muster more than a baker's dozen of spectators, three of which were journalistic dead heads. When one takes into consideration that the Four Hundred of Quebec (I use the term because it is quite the proper thing just now and not on account of the numerical correctness) are naturally inclined to mild dissipation of this kind, are ardent supporters of private theatricals and withal excellent judges, the failure of the various companies that have more or less come to grief here is astonishing indeed.

What seems more astonishing to the casual observer, however, is the phenomenal success which the company that at present makes Quebec its headquarters is scoring, a success so pronounced, notwithstanding the continual night sessions of Parliament and opposition on the part of the powers that have control of the floodgates of Heaven and the storehouses from which we are too bountifully supplied at times with the immaculate snow, that the management has decided to remain another fortnight. It must be acknowledged though that everything is in their favour and the principal members of the company are great local favourites.

The company is McDowell's, and it is one of the old-school stock companies, of which, unfortunately, we have only too few on this side of the Atlantic. During their two weeks' stay here they have produced a variety of plays, including "Moths," "A Wife's Peril," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaugraun," "Our Regiment," "School for Scandal," "The Private Secretary," and the "Two Orphans," and making allowance for the scenery, which often interferes with the realism and beauty of the scenes, and the orchestra, which, agitated by the action of the play, gives vent to its rapture in peculiar sounds and far from harmonious combinations at times, the performances were excellent indeed, though whenever McDowell or his charming and talented wife were left out of the cast, their absence was most decidedly felt.

The star, if I may apply the term, of this small constellation of dramatic lights, is, as a matter of course, Miss Fanny Reeves, who is every whit as charmingly vivacious as when she first played at the Academy of Music in Montreal. I do not believe in flattering actors, but Fanny Reeves is one of the few women on the stage that have been able continually, and, at the same time, to command, the respect due any woman that devotes herself to a high art and retain the admiration accorded to a popular foot-light favourite. There is a peculiar magnetism about everything she does, and though it is a great thing for an actress to feel at home before her audience, it is still better, as it is in her case, to make the audience feel at home with her. There is a young lady in the company, however, who runs her very close for first honours, and that is Miss Julia Arthur, who, though at times she shows a slight lack of finish in her work, gives great promise for the future, aided by a splendid voice, a fine figure, and an excellent delivery. Two other members of the company, who do McDowell's taste credit, are Miss Bessie Hunter and Miss Helen Morgan, both charming women with considerable ability, while Miss Vincent is doubtlessly one of the best old women on the modern American stage.

One of the features of the McDowell company is that all its members improve upon acquaintance, not only on but off the stage, and work remarkably well together, considering that many of them are entirely new to each other. Of the male portion, McDowell himself (I leave the Mr. out on purpose, for whoever knew a Mr. Booth, a Mr. Barrett, a Mr. Jefferson, or a Mr. Keene?) is the man, but he has some very good support, notably Mr. Gallon, who has scored several successes, notwithstanding his rather ungainly length of limb, and Mr. Sterner, a young Englishman of wonderful versatility, which he displays best in leading parts. Then there is Mr. Eason, almost a novice, who gives great promise, and will no doubt succeed in his lately chosen profession, if he sticks to nature and is not led away by the erroneous idea that art can improve upon it. Mr. Robson is another new man with a future, while Messrs. Lynn, Gibson, High and Dawley have repeatedly shown, during the last two weeks, that they are made of the right timber.

There is one man whom I had almost forgotten, and that is Lawrence Barry, the business manager. An excellent man of business and a first-class fellow to meet, who was taught his business, partly on the stage and partly in the great newspaper offices of the metropolis of America, and who is related by close family ties to a celebrated actress of that name, who has for years won hard-earned laurels in the production of the best class of romantic drama the American stage can boast of.

When the company played "Our Regiment" the other night, I could not but help thinking of poor Major Short, the man of the period *par excellence*, who lost his life in doing more than his duty while trying to save the property of some householders of St. Saviour, who calmly stood by and saw him blown into pieces without so much as making an effort to see if there was anything left of him to save after the explosion was over. Poor Short played the part of *Agné Warrenner* in Montreal two years ago, when a number of society people, under McDowell's direction, played "Our Regiment" for the benefit of Victoria Rifles Armory, and in addition to his other accomplishments as a man and soldier, he could safely claim to be the best amateur actor in Canada.

DECIMUS GINGLE.



THE THIRTEENTH BATTALION BALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

(From a sketch by A. H. H. Heming.)



L'AMOUR QUI VIENT.

(From the painting by Jean Aubert.)

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Sante Photograph Company

Nine Years Ago.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

On looking over an old sketch book, I find on the back of one of the sketches these words in almost illegible characters: "After much gesticulation and bad Ojibway, induced an Indian to come with me for fifty cents a day and board. More bad Ojibway and gesticulation, hired a canoe for ten cents a day. Not so bad!" and the date, "18th September, 1880." As I read them over to-day, having just returned from a hunting expedition, I think, with sadness, how times and prices have changed. For the mild approval, "Not so bad!" I would substitute—"Excellent! Splendid! Glorious!" or whatever other qualificatives may denote my heartfelt admiration.

Ah! yes; times have sadly changed since then. Those marshes, that lovely lake, removed but nine years ago—such short years too, looking back—from our semi-civilization—which to the lover of nature is worse than utter barbarism—by a good week's canoeing, after several days' staging, and any amount of honest "roughing it," is to be reached—is it any wonder that I am filled with sadness?—after a fifteen or sixteen hours' run by train—cars like miniature palaces replacing the seat in the homely stage or often wet canoe. No stories now do you hear on the way how Achittimo (the Red Squirrel)—wily, plucky, old hunter—stood the charge of the bull moose, and dropped him, not thirty feet off, coming "full blaze," as the driver graphically puts it. He will point you out the very mountain with its bald rocky top, which is plainly to be seen as the stage ascends the hill, a mile or so to the north of Bissett's Creek. What more convincing proof do you want? And a hundred other stories you might have heard in those past days, before the silence of that rugged solitude was broken by the hideous shriek of the rushing



more terrible crimes? Why, they will be killing off the partridges, because they eat the wild berries and occasionally a little grain; the hares because they destroy a little miserable lettuce. Alas! that such things have come to pass! No wonder in the swamps, from the tops of tall spruce trees, that little brown bird pipes, repeatedly, its complaining cry of "Poor Canada..... Canada..... Canada..... Canada....." I am tempted to believe that it must be the soul of some departed sportsman taking form and ever bemoaning the loss of his beloved game!

Sighing, I turn again to my sketch-book and find this entry: "19th Sept.—Stormy day; wind from the S.E., with drenching rain. Lay in camp all day reading, sketching, and cleaning my gun. Sun set fine. About 9 p.m. wind fell. Clear sky." With these little aids to memory it all comes back to me. That lovely morning of the twentieth! Just as the first rays of the rising sun touch

the eastern sky with a pale whitish light my kettle is boiling, my tent down and wrapped around my two pair of coarse grey blankets, while I am touching up a leaky spot in my canoe.

Then there is the freezing wash in the river, which puts the final edge on an appetite impossible to describe. Suffice it to say, it is a backwoodsman's! Breakfast finished, I stand before my camp-fire a few moments, loth to leave it, loading my pipe and watching the day break. How glorious it is! What a glow away over there in the east! See that tall pine towering above the second-growth poplar and spruce, its gnarled, twisted, living branches touched with a yellow light. The

birds awaken and wish each other a hungry good morning in shrill excited little voices. A great owl flits, noiselessly, past its roost—a very spirit of darkness fearful of the bright daylight.

But no more loitering, for my night's camp will be many a mile from here, where the Mindocquamogoming River empties its sluggish waters into Lake Nipissing. Even now the long flocks of ducks are gathering for their morning meal, and there are snipe to shoot on the way. So, loading my canoe, I start. It is a three mile paddle to the mouth of the Sturgeon, with very little current to help me. The river banks are thickly wooded to where the stunted cedars grow, hanging dead branches far out over the still waters; while bunched trunks of many a tall tree lie in broken, tangled heaps, thrown up by the fierce spring floods.

An hour's paddle brings me in front of Fort McLeod—one of the numerous Hudson Bay Posts that dot the Cana-

dian wilderness. It is abandoned now, and stands in a small clearing—a collection of rather dilapidated log buildings all huddled together.

From the bend in the river, just above the Post, you get the first view of the lake between the low rush-grown banks. How beautiful it looked on that September morning! The island at the mouth covered with feathery willows. Every branch and leaf clearly reflected in that water mirror. Still looking beyond, ten calm miles away, you can see the further shore—delicate purple in the misty distance,—while over all the great blue vault of Heaven, with, perhaps, a few white hazy clouds floating in its immeasurable depths. Beds of tall waving bullrushes on either side, and in a sheltered bay a delicate flooring of bright green water-lily leaves. A flock of blackbirds (chuck e no) hop about them drinking, nor do they heed the small canoe with its solitary, happy—though somewhat disreputable looking—occupant, gliding noiselessly by. Half a mile below the Fort, on the west bank of the river, is the beginning of the snipe ground. On reaching it, a wisp of some six or eight pass high overhead, and, after circling around for a minute or two, drop with that last little flutter of their wings some hundred and fifty yards away upon the flat. Marking them down carefully, I push my canoe ashore and walk directly towards them, through swamp grass knee high, with a clayey mud and water bottom, into which I sink ankle deep at every step.

Hardly have I gone fifty yards when, with that hoarse frightened cry and a number of rustling little whirrs, a wisp rises all round me. My first shot I bungle wretchedly, flushing several more. One gets up well to himself some twenty-five or thirty paces away to my right and makes straight off. It is an easy shot and over he goes! Now I have fresh cause to lament the loss of Sandpiper, my old cocker spaniel—the most faithful of dogs—whom I discovered two short weeks before crushed to death in a cruel bear trap, near a portage leading from Trout Lake into Nipissing,—for of all hard things to find, a dead snipe in long grass certainly is the hardest. The proverbial needle in the hay-stack is a joke in comparison. However, my search is rewarded at length, after having walked over him a dozen times at least.

I then start on after those I first marked down, missing one in the most approved fashion with both barrels: a great lazy fellow, who lay as close as a wood-cock, rising not more than ten feet from me. A short distance further and up get my marked birds. I drop one with each barrel in very artistic style, making up for my two former misses.

For another hour or so I tramp about killing fourteen more, two of which I am unable to find. This satisfies me for the morning. I determine to return to my canoe and push on for Mindocquamogoming River. On my way back I make one more shot, which is, perhaps, worthy of mention as a rather unusual fluke. Five snipe suddenly make their appearance flying high. I seat myself on a log and watch them approach with rapid wavering flight. Straight over my head they go. It is a long shot, but the temptation is too strong. Singling out one, I fire. At the instant another darts in line, and down come two of the brown darlings with a soft little thud in the long grass some fifty feet behind me. This makes in all twenty birds, though had I stayed longer I might have bagged as many brace, they lay so close, flushing fat and lazy.

After another hour and a half paddling and poling through a bay filled with long bullrushes,—where, by the way, I have a "right and left" into a small flock of black ducks, which rise, with frightened quacking, some forty yards ahead, dropping one, cleanly killed—I at length arrive at a low rocky point, on which lives Charles Golais, as fine an old Indian half-breed as ever stalked moose or ate pork and hard-tack in the Honourable Hudson Bay Company's employ. Pushing cautiously through the shallow water, lest some treacherous stone come too sharply in contact with the bottom of my canoe, I land, greeted by the barking of several shaggy, fierce-looking dogs, which come rushing towards me. Foremost, shaggier and more fierce looking than the others, comes one, a wolfish-looking fellow, his tail high in the air. "O-ko-ko!" I say quietly, and the banner of a tail wags, the fierce lips grin a welcome. "You do not forget your friends, old doggy! You remember who gave you that grand piece of

•O-ko-ko. The owl (objibwa).

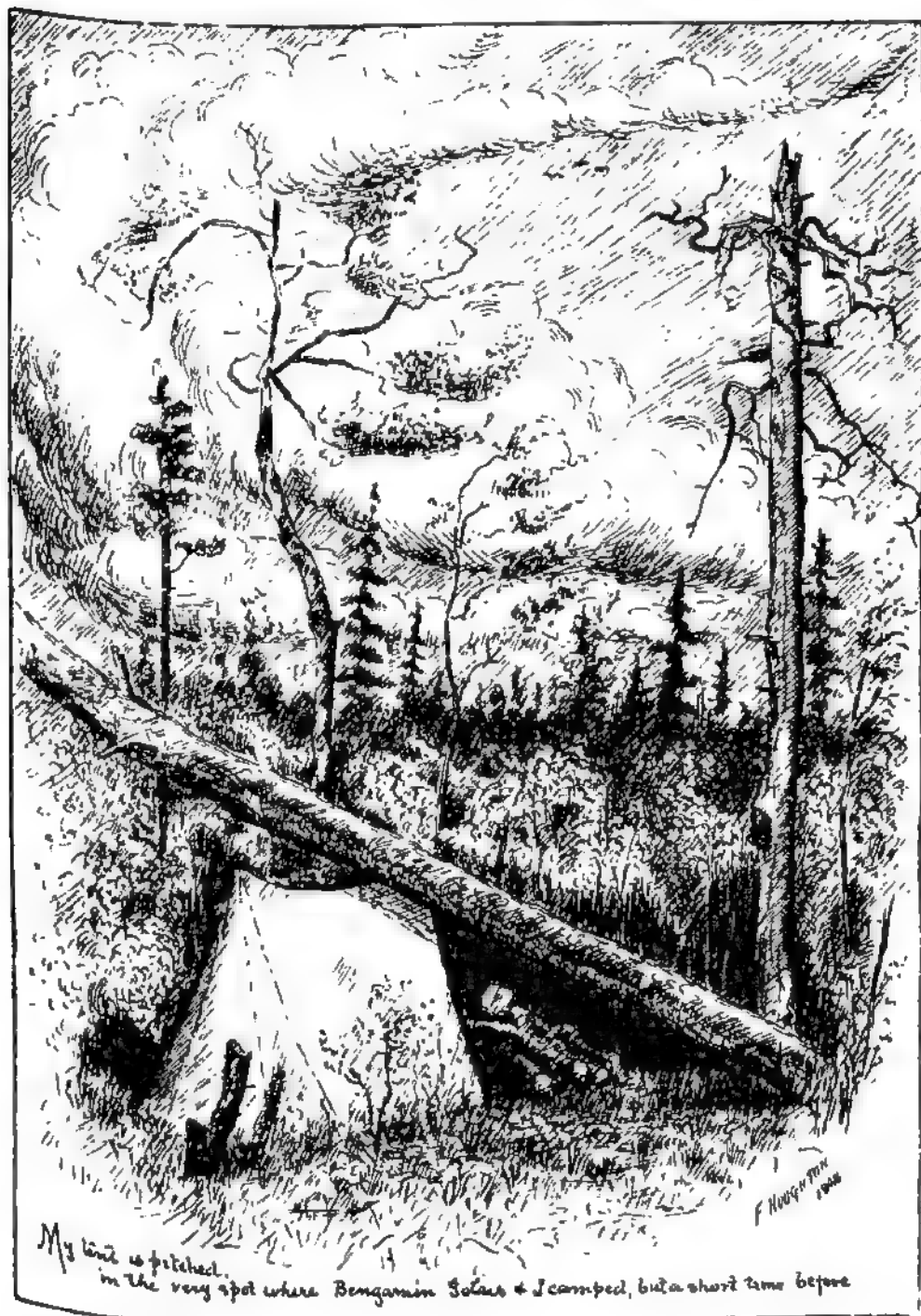


While I am touching up a leaky spot in the bottom of my canoe.

locomotive. And upon the bank of the Big Sturgeon River—where nine years ago I fried my pork and boiled my tea before the door of my tent, with my bark canoe turned bottom upwards some twenty feet away; there the shrill cries of birds, with the occasional clear wiry sound made by the wings of a flock of wood-duck passing overhead, alone broke the stillness. While all around lay the beautiful green woods, "the forest primeval," that Longfellow tells us of in his noble poem "Evangeline;"—now stands the ugly, commonplace, beginning of what may, in some future ages, be a populous town. The river, too,—which in those past years bore only the picturesque bark canoe, with its no less picturesque occupants, shaggy, foxy-looking dogs, and wild black-haired, black-eyed, human beings, whose waters were often broken, into gentle ever-lesseening ripples, by some bear or moose swimming across, is now churned up, and ploughed through, by several smoke-begrimed, panting, steam tugs. Up that river, too, with James Macdonald, alias "Jimmy the Duck," mighty hunter and brave fellow—as every good hunter must be—I have paddled many a time in our little two-fathom bark canoe in those past years. Art thou still in the land of the living, old comrade, or hast thou departed with many of thy dark friends to "the happy hunting grounds"? Ah! what days those were—long ago! when the marshes were filled with wild duck and the bonny snipe fed undisturbed by any pot-hunting son-of-a-farmer, on the mud flats at the river's mouth. Only a few weeks ago I tramped over them, in a drenching drizzle, with a raw nor-easter sweeping the marshes, perfect snipe weather—shooting but twenty-eight, where, before the time of these steamers, railroads, and sporting country bumpkins, I might have bagged my fifty brace. How long will it be before the last of you black-eyed, long beaked, beauties will rise with frightened cry, only to drop again a little quivering mass of blood-dyed feathers? May I be lying in my grave a hundred years before so sad a time! But the other day an old friend and keen sportsman told me—with a heavy hopelessness in his voice—of a grand snipe-ground ruined by some wretched farmer digging a ditch through it. Yes, sympathetic, kindly sportsmen, that is the solemn truth as I'm a living sinner! Are such men to be allowed to live, to move about at large, and, perchance, plot some other



pork and a corner of his blanket on that wild night. Your master and I will remember it, and thou, too, O-ko ko, for many a day to come. It was then that a cold nor-wester played a weird tune in the *rampike** tops, half burying with driving snow, and suffocating with smoke, two men and a dog, —thysel, O-ko-ko—on that desolate bluff to the north of the Wahnapiatet."



My tent is pitched in the very spot where Benjamin Golais & I camped, but a short time before

Thus in his hearty honest dog's way he bids me welcome, and stalwart Mocquaw†—plucky old bear-hunter pokes his rough, black nose into my hand for his share of the patting. The others, too, claim theirs, till a few moments later I am shaking hands with my friend, old Charles, and his five tall sons, as fine strapping fellows as you could wish to look upon, all good hunters like their father before them. Next, I must not forget to mention, the enormously fat, smiling-looking, old Indian woman, their mother, or their daughter, with her big handsome black eyes, and Louis's wife, not quite so good to look at as his sister, but good natured and merry. They all bid me a hearty "hooshows" (good-day), shake hands and laugh a great deal.

Here I stay for dinner and a smoke. Starting on again about two o'clock in the afternoon. The lake still remains perfectly calm. Light breezes, catpaws, go scudding across in dark blue lines.

All around lie numerous islands, covered with spruce, balsam, stunted oak, and silver birches, their exquisite white stems standing out in bold relief against the bright sunlit green and autumn tinted foliage. The more distant islands seem to rest in air, those still further off are of softest purple, with deep shadows ever lengthening, as the sun sinks low in the western sky. The atmosphere is filled with that misty, hazy glow, peculiar to our beautiful Canadian autumn. A perfect stillness reigns around, broken only by the rippling of water, as it leaves my paddle or is parted by the bow of my canoe. On passing a rocky point a flock of great sheldrakes‡ (of the *Merganser* family) waddle with hoarse quacking down a smooth sloping rock—where they have been sunning themselves—into the water, immediately rising one after the other, with a tremendous splashing and flutter, to disappear behind one of the numerous islands. Just as the sun is sinking in a blaze of yellow light, I enter the mouth of the Mindocqua-mogoming River, and on turning the first bend come full in sight of a muddy grassy bank, absolutely covered with black duck and teal. With a perfect roar of their wings, and quacking that does one's heart good to hear, they are off. Lighting again, however, a half

mile or so further up the river. Suddenly with a swish, and before I have time to drop my paddle and pick up my gun, a flock of green winged teal go over my head and settle near the bank on the north side opposite to where the lately frightened ducks were feeding. This shore is simply a mud flat, perforated with long winding muskrat holes, and covered with a wild swamp grass some two feet in height.

I determine to stalk them, and pushing my canoe ashore, behind a willow-grown point, I land. Walking as noiselessly as possible through the bushes, I see them quite unsuspectingly feeding about a hundred yards from where I am standing and close in to the swamp grass. Going down on my hands and knees I crawl to within seventy yards, then lying flat upon my face, worm myself to within about forty.

They are very much scattered, and, with heads bent down, are darting about, quacking happily, as though no cruel sportsman lurked within miles.

By my first shot two are left kicking in the water. A third I drop as they rise. The remainder fly a short distance straight away, then turning, sweep down the river, keeping well in the centre and pass me some fifty yards off. Hastily reloading, I drop a fourth!

It is now a regular rush to get wood enough cut and my tent pitched for the night. There are good camping places a quarter of a mile or so further up stream—an old rendez-vous for Indians on their summer expeditions—and beside a flat rock a few minutes later I moor my canoe and unload. My years of bush life stand me in good stead now. The dry stubs fall right and left to the ringing blows of my axe, breaking the evening stillness—causing the gamey black ducks to crowd together with startled quack behind the line of willows which hide the next bend in the river, and, perchance, some timid red deer, coming down for his evening drink, to sniff with raised nostrils that little tell-tale breeze, and glance with soft, dark, frightened eyes nervously around, and then like a shadow turn and disappear in the black darkness of the woods.

In a little while my tent is pitched—in the very spot where Benjamin Golais and I camped but a short time before—beneath the trunk of a great red pine, which, blown down by some strong gale, hangs caught in the branches of a sturdy oak. And just as the first pale stars come glimmering out, I light my camp fire, my kettle hangs over it on a green birch stick, while I am slicing bacon for my solitary meal, which is soon cooked and eaten.

Then comes that well-earned repose. When seating myself before the crackling blaze, upon a blanket spread over some wild hay from the marsh, my *dunnage-bag* for a back, wearied with a long day's paddling, I turn to thee, O truest of friends, most dear and faithful love! How thou soothest me with thy gentle presence! How caressing thy soft ways! Sweeter than the scent of violets thy pure breath! How grand the wild surroundings look with thee for company! Thou consolest me for all that "might have been," dost comfort and encourage! Even as I write these words, thou art beside me. Truly there is none like thee, my "Sag-i-moo!"

Ah, but I must not talk like this, the glamour of my Canadian wilds is mounting into my brain with all its weird, lonely beauty. I forget that I am writing for a nineteenth century magazine, and that you, kindly reader, are politely though vainly trying to suppress your honest laughter.

To return. During this little digression, this poetical soliloquy, the stars have all come out. The last faint light of evening has died away, and the pale crescent of a new moon hangs low in the western sky.

My camp-fire burns low. A pleasant drowsiness is stealing over me. I shut my tent door, roll myself up in my blankets, and lulled by the song in the pine tops, I close my eyes upon that happy twentieth, which, to me, has become part of the "once upon a time!"

21st September, 1880.—Half an hour before the sun makes his appearance the next morning I make mine. The stars are still shining

brightly. A light breeze rustles the dry crumpled leaves, prematurely withered, of poplar and birch. Shoving a hard tack into my pocket, for there is no time to cook breakfast, I pick up my gun and bag of cartridges, launching my canoe, and after a few minutes' paddling, land, just opposite the next bend.

Here the mud flat narrows into a long point, as usual covered with swamp grass, with here and there patches of bullrushes, affording excellent cover. In one of these—after concealing my canoe—I take up my position to await daylight and the ducks.

Now the dawn begins to break, and just as the first streak of decidedly yellow light appears in the east, I hear that wiry whistler, which causes me to sink down on my knees, at the same time cocking both barrels.

There they are! Three, four, five of them, great dusky fellows! They pass me some seventy yards away. "Quack!" from the leader, moving his long neck up and down. "Quack!" I cry in hoarse imitation, crouching low, my hand over my mouth—a trick Shonggwish (the mink), most cunning of duck hunters, taught me a year before while shooting with him on Onaping lake. The flapping of the strong wings ceases. Round they come with a grand sweep and answering quack, passing me at some thirty yards.

A flash comes from the tall bullrushes, followed by a clear report—that causes many a muskrat to disappear with a splash, many a mink to scurry for the safety of his hollow log or crevice in the rocks. The gamey old leader seems to hesitate a moment undecided—the head drops, the broken wing gives a last quivering flutter, and down he comes with a thud to gasp out the remaining spark of life on the extremity of the point. The others rise. A second flash, a white puff of smoke goes floating up, and down comes number two. Hard hit, with broken wing, he tries by swimming to save himself. Reloading and running to the water's edge, I stop him with a second shot. I have hardly time to return, when the ducks begin coming in in real earnest, and for the next two hours I have very fair sport. Most of the flocks, after my firing into them, fly straight on a short distance, to turn and pass me again, often affording a second chance as they make for the open lake. At length the ducks, thoroughly frightened, seek another breakfasting ground, and a good half hour passing, after my last shot, without the appearance of any more, I walk over to my canoe, push out and gather up the slain, amounting to eight black ducks, four wood-ducks, and two green-winged teal. Several wounded birds escaped into the long grass and willows, but without a dog it is simply waste of time to look for them. The sun is now well up. A cock-of-the-woods* flies past with jerky flight, uttering its clear, rattling cry—certain sign of change in the weather.

I begin to feel uncommonly hungry, and return to camp for my breakfast, on my way killing a solitary teal, in very

artistic manner, flying straight overhead. He drops some 30 feet behind, stone dead! In my opinion it is the prettiest of all duck shots, that straight one, hitting directly above. A deadly one, too, in nine cases out of ten, provided you know how. How splendidly he stops? Legs, wings, head, indescribably confused,

*The pileated woodpecker. See Audubon on American birds



"He drops,

some 30 feet behind,

Stone dead!"

*Rampike, name given to standing burnt sticks of timber by Canadian backwoodsmen.
†Wahnapiatet, river running into French River, a mile above its mouth.
‡Mocquaw. The bear.
§Ponjour.
[See Audubon and Bachman.]



MR. OGILVIE'S EXPLORATION ON THE YUKON.—RUINS OF FORT SELKIRK.

(From photos lent by the Surveys Branch, Dept. of the Interior, Ottawa.)



MR. OGILVIE'S EXPLORATION.—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

(From photos. lent by the Surveys Branch, Dept. of the Interior, Ottawa.)

then down he comes with a thud, or splash, as the case may be. How one loves that little quivering heap of flesh and feathers! As a friend of mine—an excellent shot and keen sportsman—used enthusiastically to say: "You long to pick it up and rapturously kiss it!" And, upon my honour, kind reader, you do! I do not know a moment in life more replete with satisfaction than that short moment of triumph.

After my breakfast of pork and hard tack, to which I do, as you may believe, ample justice, I loll about smoking and sketching.

A light east wind has arisen, which stirs, with a gentle whispering, the tall pine tops. A chipmunk (ground squirrel) runs pattering over the dry leaves some ten feet away, picks up a scattered crumb of bread, and, with shrill shriek, half joy, half fear, scampers to the far end of a log, where, his bright nervous eyes watching me, he seats himself to enjoy at leisure the 'lucky find.



Back he comes in a few moments ever growing bolder. How quick his movements! No hidden crumb escapes the keen little nose! Now he has found another, quick as thought he seats himself within a few feet of me! His shrewd little mind tells him that that great, ugly, ragged-looking animal—your humble servant—will do him no harm. See how deftly he turns the crumb in his forepaws! Watch his little jaws, like machinery, how rapidly, how steadily they move! How his cheeks stand out! His round black eyes, how watchful! What a feast he is having—greedy little chap! But now he has finished his meal and is carrying away a bit, quite as big as his head, to store in his nest for the cold winter that is even now stalking down from the desolate north. For did I not see, no longer ago than yesterday, his herald, the strong Golden-eye*—hardest of ducks—in showy plumage, with hollow whistling sound, pass by? Even in the feel of this east wind, that makes such pleasant music in the tree tops, is there not a promise of cold days to come—days when nor-westers will howl over a land white with snow, when the caribou will gather closely together on the hill tops, and, with strong hoof, scrape the deep white covering aside in search of the lichen, which they love?

In pleasant idleness I pass the morning till about noon, when, picking up my axe, I start out to cut more wood for my evening camp-fire. There is abundance of small dry pine and poplar standing about, and in half an hour or so I have more than enough cut and carried.

About three in the afternoon I start out again to await the ducks coming in for their evening meal. I try the river mouth this time where I frightened them yesterday, taking a half dozen that I shot in the morning to use as decoys. These I place in the shallow, muddy water (with a stick run through the neck of each up into the head to keep them in position, the other end of the stick being stuck into the soft mud bottom), about twenty-five yards from the grassy banks and opposite a blind, or hide, built by some Indian. Then concealing my canoe in a clump of willows, I seat myself in the hide, and lighting my pipe, feel thoroughly prepared for any duck-shooting emergency.

My first shot is at a wood-duck, that seems to drop from the skies to within twenty feet or so of the decoys, sees its mistake and passes over them with a whizz like a rocket. Jumping to my feet, I fire both barrels hurriedly, and miss in grand style. "Hang it! might have taken my time," I mutter to myself, feeling thankful that thou, oh, D—n R—n, art not there to laugh thy lean sides sore, or with merry chuckle to *wipe my eye*—which certainly requires it—comforting me with fond prophecies of wondrous shots to be made in the very near future, while the shadow of silent laughter lights up thy weather-beaten old phiz!

But here, by Jove! are three more—fine black fellows, too. Through a crevice in the hide I see them. On they come—in another second the wings are steadied—now they are over the decoys! I jump to my feet. The old ten bore does his work this time. The leader drops. Number two, with broken wing, soars round in a half circle, turns a picturesque double summersault and falls with a splash some seventy yards away. Pushing out my canoe I soon settle it with another charge, and picking up the dead one return to my hide. For the rest of that afternoon I remain there bagging in all fifteen, principally black-duck and teal, only getting a couple of wood-duck.

Towards the end of the afternoon the clouds gradually disperse and the wind drops. The sun sinks cold and clear below the dark line of woods. Just as surrounding objects are beginning to look hazy and indistinct, I gather my birds

together and paddle quietly up the river. How lonely and desolate the marshes always look at this time, as the day is declining and night coming on! The birds have gone to their rest. A solemn stillness reigns, that you seem afraid to break. Suddenly from the dark line of woods comes the weird hooting of an owl, which dies with faint echo away, to leave a silence even more oppressive. The great *rampikes* stand stark and black against the evening sky, towering against the second-growth, sapless and dead in the midst of those green young trees.

There is a feeling as of departed life in the wilderness at this time—a strange solemnity. It seems hard to believe that the sun will rise again in a few short hours, and the woods, rivers and marshes be filled with a living brightness. What is that dark, gaunt object which stalks ghostlike to the water's edge, then crouches low at sight of the canoe with its solitary occupant? Noiselessly the paddle is laid across the gunwales, but before there is time to replace the

"No. 5" with a load of buckshot, silently as it came, swiftly, phantom-like, it disappears into the deep gloom of the alders.

A little while later my canoe is unloaded and lying bottom upwards, my camp-fire crackling, my kettle hissing merrily suspended on that green stake, while savoury bacon is sputtering in the frying-pan. And after supper comes the well-earned smoke, then bedtime, and the sleep that only bushmen know.

Thus the 21st, too, comes to an end, and for the present, at least, dear reader, and jovial sportsmen all, this pleasant *reminiscing*.

Ottawa, December, 1889.

YUKON AND MACKENZIE EXPLORATION.

In 1887 Mr. Wm. Ogilvie was sent in charge of a survey party to explore the Yukon district. Starting from Victoria in the spring of that year, he crossed from Chilkoot Inlet to the head waters of the Yukon, and went down the latter to a point near the international boundary between Alaska and Canada, where he spent the greater part of the winter making astronomical observations for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the 141st degree of longitude, the international boundary at that point. His observations have not yet been completely reduced, but an approximate calculation shows that the boundary is nearly ninety miles below the point where it is marked on the United States maps. This is of great importance, as the line passes through the best gold-bearing districts yet discovered in the country.

In the first days of March, 1888, Mr. Ogilvie left his winter quarters for the mouth of the Mackenzie River, following a route never travelled before by any white man and probably by no Indian. He ascended the Ta-ton-duc, a river flowing from the north into the Yukon; and then crossing a mountain range, he discovered the true sources of the Porcupine River. From this he went to Fort McPherson, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Mackenzie, by which he returned south, thus accomplishing a journey of 2,500 miles, through a country hitherto very little known.

The Yukon district appears to have a much greater value than was previously supposed. It would seem that for gold the best paying streams so far as discovered are in Canadian territory. About 300 miners were in the country in the summer of 1887, but it is difficult to say what amount of gold they have taken out, as they are somewhat reticent on the subject. They all agree, however, that \$8 per day is poor pay, hardly enough to cover expenses. Taking this as an average, they cannot have made less than \$500 each, or \$150,000 altogether. Obtained with the crudest and most primitive appliances, this result shows what may be expected so soon as communication with the interior becomes more easy, and the importation of improved mining machinery possible. Drift coal was found at various places, indicating the existence of seams further up. Salmon abound in the rivers, but after ascending so far from the sea, it is not fit to become an article of export, although good enough as food for the Indians. The fur trade is confined to a few points; there are immense districts, teeming with game and fur-bearing animals of all kinds, where Indians never go. Part of the miners' supplies are pro-

cured in the country. The lowest estimate of this trade for 1887, is \$60,000.

The whole distance travelled during Mr. Ogilvie's explorations, from Ottawa back to Ottawa was upwards of 9,000 miles. Of this, about 5,000 was by rail; about 1,000 by steamship up the Pacific, from Victoria; nearly 200 by wagon, and the balance, about 3,000 miles, in canoes or on foot. Those canoes travelled about 3,000 miles by rail; then about 1,000 by steamer; were then carried about twenty miles to the point from which they made the descent of the Lewes river to the boundary (about 700 miles); they were then drawn on toboggans made for the purpose by one of the party, about 140 miles, and again were carried over the Rocky Mountains, eight miles, after which they made the ascent of the Mackenzie river, 1,400 miles. They were sold at Fort Chipewyan, and are good for some years' service yet. During the winter on the Yukon the thermometer was very seldom above zero, and often 50° below. Taking astronomic observations when it is 40° and 50° below is very trying work; more especially when it is continued for more than an hour, as all the observations taken were. In the month of February, while marking the boundary on Forty-mile river, a tramp of over 120 miles had to be made on snowshoes in deep soft snow, in which one sank to the knees every step. Food and bedding for the trip were drawn on two toboggans; of course all the time this was being done the party had to live outside without even the shelter of a tent, as two men could not do more than draw the necessary instruments, food and bedding for the occasion. The work being in the valley of the river, the sun never rose above the visible horizon, and as the thermometer was most of the time 30° or 40° below zero the comforts and pleasures of the trip can be imagined better than described. In March, while crossing from the Yukon to the Mackenzie the same hardships were suffered, but over a more extended time, stretching over a period of six weeks of extremely hard labor and cold weather; as instance, the 11th March the temperature was 53° below zero, and the party had to sleep outside in that. As the whole outfit to be moved amounted to about 3,000 pounds and there were only five men to do it, the progress was necessarily very slow, and very laborious. In the soft deep snow the weight of a man would sink the snowshoe into the snow up to the knee, and the exertion of pulling the toboggan would sink it more. This was extremely fatiguing and wearying, and although the thermometer was generally down about 25° and 30° below zero the perspiration would, under the exertion of drawing the heavy loads, flow as freely as in July at 90° in the shade. One would think that cooling off after a day's exertion of that kind, when the thermometer was about 30° or 40° below would be sure to bring on at least a cold, more especially as there was no shelter to cool off in, but fortunately for the success of the expedition not one of the party had the slightest touch of any ailment while absent. Under the provocation of exercise of that kind the stomach becomes very active and will dispose of about three times as much food as under ordinary circumstances. The quantity of tea one would drink, too, would surprise a prize beer drinker. Coming up the Mackenzie river had to be done by what is locally called tracking, that is hauling the canoe by a string, the party doing so walking, or rather running along the shore; this is no easy labour, as any one who has tried to pull a loaded boat faster than a slow speed knows. This was done by each member of the party in his regular turn, and as a rule the man on shore had not a very happy time, and his misery was a source of fun for the ones in the canoe, they in their turn took the chaffing of the "passengers" good-humouredly, knowing that "revenge" was coming soon. On the way out from Lake Athabasca, in December, dogs were used to haul the necessary provisions for the party, and their own food. As a rule a team of dogs—four—will haul about 400 or 500 pounds weight, and as each dog will eat from six to eight pounds of fish each day, one can see that as a means of freighting their usefulness is limited. A rule is that four fair dogs can haul

*See Audubon on American birds.

their own food and the bedding and food of two men for a seven days' trip. The distance from Lake Athabasca to Lake La Biche travelled by the party with the aid of dogs is about 425 miles. Fish for dog feed was picked up along the way from Indians; were it not for this aid it would be impossible to make such long journeys with dogs. The time occupied in travelling that distance was thirteen and a half days. At the end of the journey most of the dogs were pretty well used up; in fact one team would not have gone more than a day longer. Most of the men, too, were not sorry that the "job was done." It is needless to say that there was no riding for any of the party on the way out. The whole of the journey had to be made on snowshoes, and as the road has to be "tracked" for dogs the party had to keep ahead, each one in his turn "making track" in the trackless snow. Dog drivers carry a whip peculiar to the "craft." The handle is about eighteen, and the lash about sixty inches long. It is heavily loaded with shot, which is plaited into it. This makes it so heavy that a good blow will almost cut through a dog's skin. One accustomed to the treatment of dogs at home will often witness treatment of them there that makes his blood boil, until he starts to drive himself; then he does not think quite so hardly of the native driver, though his animals are often punished needlessly. It may be stated generally that a kind driver makes but slow progress. A story is told of a high church dignitary, who was making a journey with dogs, and becoming shocked at his driver's profanity absolutely forbade him scolding the dogs any more, except in a mild way, and use his whip in the same manner. Some days after the good man noticed that he was away behind time; at a known point he remonstrated with the driver on his slowness; that worthy demonstrated to his Reverence that it was impossible to make time with dogs, with his system of driving. The good man granted the driver an "indulgence" for the remainder of the drive, and finished his journey on time. The party passed through many scenes of peril and had some strange adventures, but it is needless to refer to them here as it would take up too much time. They saw many scenes of grandeur and beauty, which will probably not be looked on again by white men for many years to come.

CANADIAN BUILDING.

Apart from necessary improvements, which sometimes comprise the substitution of whole blocks of new and imposing buildings for those of inferior quality, it has often been remarked that in Canada houses of all kinds are much less enduring than either the nature of the material of which they are constructed or the trying character of our climate would justify one in expecting. At the recent convention of the Ontario Association of Architects, the president deemed it his duty to call the attention of his hearers to this perishable quality in Canadian buildings. Whereas, he pointed out, in England and on the continent of Europe, there are structures that have stood for three, four, and even six and seven centuries, few of those erected in Canada last for half a century. What is the reason of the lack of durability? Are the materials at fault? No. "The stone, brick and other building materials at our disposal are quite equal to those used in the buildings referred to." Is the blame to lie with our architects and artisans? It seems not. "The mechanical powers and scientific knowledge of our artisans and professional men will compare favourably with those of the older countries and past ages." The fact which Mr. Storm deplures he attributes to the disposition of the public to carry on building operations without professional aid, and this disposition is mainly due, he thinks, to want of confidence engendered by experience of unqualified practitioners. The remedy is to be sought in the incorporation of the profession. The public will then be able to distinguish between the qualified and the unqualified practitioner and trustfully employ the former.



Mr. John T. Davidson has been elected president of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Mr. Lucien Huot has been elected a member of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society.

Mr. J. F. Wood, M.P., has taken the place of the Hon. Mr. Colby, as Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons.

Prof. Roberts has consented to represent Nova Scotia in connection with the *Witness* prize stories and to judge the stories from Western Ontario.

In a recent lecture in the hall of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, Dr. Laphorn Smith strongly condemned the cost as the cause of many ailments.

Messrs. Henderson, Holden, Dawson, Jones and Slessor, of this city, propose forming a photographic society. An adjourned meeting will be held for the purpose of organization on the 3rd inst.

A Mr. Melville, of Montreal, has forwarded to Premier Mercier a photograph of his family, which is composed of 12 children. Mr. Melville expresses the intention of being a claimant for a lot of 100 acres under the new law.

On the 21st ult. Lieut.-Col. Massey entertained the sergeants of the Sixth Fusiliers at his residence. Among those present were Sergt.-Major Denison, Colour-Sergts. Cooper, Currie and Howard, and Sergts. Edwards and Riddle.

The funeral of the late Hon. Senator Trudel was largely attended. The Senate, the Bar, the Press, and various societies with which the deceased gentleman was connected, passed resolutions of regret for the loss sustained and of sympathy with the bereaved survivors.

At the last weekly social of the St. Lawrence Yachting Club, held in the M.A.A.A. rooms, Mr. J. P. Gibsons gave an illustrated discourse on yachts and yacht building, especially referring to the great progress recently made in their modelling and construction.

Among the guests at the dinner given by Hon. Charles Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, on the 22nd ult., were the following members of Parliament: Messrs. J. F. Wood, Baird, Bergeron, Bergin, Boisvert, Brown, Bryson, Cameron, Carpenter, Cimon, Cochrane, Coughlin, Davin, Davis, Dawson, Dickinson, Dupont, Earle and Freeman.

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, held on the 21st ult., it was proposed by Rev. J. E. Hill and adopted, that the congregation convey to Sir Joseph Hickson, president of the trustees of the church, their congratulations at the high honour conferred by Her Majesty upon him, and expressing the wish that his life might long be spared to enjoy the honour.

At the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society, Mr. P. E. Leclaire exhibited two bills of the Rebellion of 1837, dated from the Distillery of St. Denis and signed by Neilson & Kimber. Dr. J. A. Beaudry exhibited the "Sieur de Royamont's Histoire du Vieux et du Nouveau Testament," printed in 1681, and Mr. Mott exhibited a photograph of the famous Sir William Pepperell as well as of his residence.

The Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance, and Mrs. Foster gave a dinner last week, to which the following ladies and gentlemen were invited:—The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, the Hon. Senator Vidal, the Hon. Senator Perley, Mr. Gordon, M.P., and Mrs. Gordon, Lt.-Col. Tilton and Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Temple, M.P., Mr. H. L. Jones, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Ryckman and Mrs. Ryckman, Mr. George Johnson, Mr. Alger Bliss and Mrs. Bliss, Miss Kirby, Mr. Wilmott, M.P., and Mr. Hale, M.P.

On the 24th ult. the Fish and Game Protection Club of this city held its annual meeting and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. G. W. Stephens; vice-president, Mr. H. W. Atwater; secretary, Mr. A. N. Shewan; treasurer, Mr. H. W. Beckett; committee, Messrs. I. H. Stearns, Jno. Nelson, A. Boyer, M.P.P., Dr. T. C. Brainerd, L. A. Boyer, George Horne, W. H. Parker, A. A. Wilson, T. V. R. Brown, A. Henderson, Geo. H. Matthews, J. W. Skelton, H. R. Ives, W. H. Rintoul, Selkirk Cross.

We have much pleasure in reproducing this cordial testimony to the value of Mr. Kingsford's history from Mr. W. L. Stone, author of "The Life of Brant" and other important historical works:—

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 17th, 1889.
MY DEAR MR. KINGSFORD,—I have received, and, what is more to the purpose, I have read the first two volumes of your "History of Canada." My studies, perhaps, give me a right to speak in regard to their merits, and I say unqualifiedly that not only is it the most lucid history of Canada, and of the aims and purposes of the early French explorers that has yet appeared, but that the hackneyed phrase so often used is in this case most true, viz., that no library of American history can afford to be without it. Cordially yours, WM. L. STONE.

The Hon. F. J. Johnson was duly sworn in as Chief Justice of the Superior Court in this province on the 21st ult., and his commission as such was read in court in presence of the other judges on Saturday, the 25th ult. The court room was fitly decorated for the occasion. The new Chief Justice was born in Bedfordshire, Eng., in 1817, educated in England and France, came to Canada in 1835, was admitted to the Bar in 1840, was made Q.C. in 1849, was appointed Recorder of Rupert's Land in 1854, and

later Governor of Assiniboia. Chief Justice Johnson is universally esteemed.

The Canadian Society of Civil Engineers inaugurated their annual meeting by a dinner at the Windsor Hotel, in this city, which took place on the 22nd ult. Col. Gzowski occupied the chair, and on his right sat His Excellency the Governor-General, Lady Dawson, Sir Joseph Hickson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, Mrs. Blackwell, and to his left Mrs. Hannaford, Sir Donald Smith, Mrs. Peterson, Dr. Selwyn, Mrs. Bovey and Mr. C. Goad. His Excellency was accompanied by Capt. the Hon. Mr. Colville and Major Prevost, A.D.C. The vice-chairmen were Mr. E. P. Hannaford and Mr. P. A. Peterson.

The marriage of Miss May Catherine Brown, daughter of Adam Brown, Esq., M.P., to Mr. Ernest Brown Smith, of London, Ont., was solemnized at the Church of the Ascension last week, the ceremony being conducted by Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, assisted by Bishop Hamilton and the Rev. E. P. Crawford. The centre aisle of the church was reserved for the invited guests, of whom there were 150, including Senator Sanford, Senator McInnes, Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., Dean Innes, of London, and a number from Toronto, London and other cities. The bride was charmingly attired in a gown of white moire antique with a long train and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Lily Brown, Miss Douglas Bruce, Miss Crerar, Miss Constance Lucas, Miss Gussie McInnes and Miss Jessie Parker.

The annual dinner of the Montreal Hunt, which took place on the 23rd ult. at the Windsor Hotel, was a most enjoyable entertainment. The veteran Master, Mr. John Crawford, occupied the chair, and on his right sat His Excellency the Governor-General (who was accompanied by his son, Hon. Edward Stanley, and Major Prevost, A.D.C.), Sir Donald Smith, Hon. Senator Cochrane, Rev. Canon Ellegood, Mr. W. J. Buchanan and Mr. J. A. Cantlie; and on his left U. S. Consul-General Knapp, Mr. Justice Cross, Dr. W. H. Hingston, Mr. L. J. Sergeant, and Mr. A. F. Gault. The vice-chairmen were Mr. H. Montagu Allan and Mr. J. Alex. Stevenson. The others present were Messrs. Robert Harris, R.C.A., Major H. H. Lyman, J. R. Barclay, H. B. Yates, Fred Saunders, C. E. Dawson, William Byrd, J. Alex. L. Strathy, Thomas Brown, Geo. Buchanan, Ernest Cochrane, W. R. Miller, Dr. E. McEachran, R. L. Gault, Leslie H. Gault, George Caverhill, W. C. McIntyre, R. B. Ross, T. A. Trenholme, F. S. Lyman, Arthur Allan, Hugh Paton, Colin Campbell, W. M. Ramsay, Thomas Davidson, Dr. D. McEachran, F. Robertson, Albert Linton, D. D. Mann, Wm. Stephen, Geo. Cantlie, Lieut.-Col. Crawford, J. A. U. Baudry, B. J. Coghlin, H. D. Jury (Dublin), W. L. Maltby, F. C. A. McIndoe, A. J. Fisk, E. J. Major, G. May, F. H. Wardlow and Leopold Galarneau.

"BEN HUR" AT HOME.

Of the most prominent writers who are singularly fortunate in their domestic relations, the author of "Ben Hur" is a striking example, says the *Woman's Journal*. Herself a writer of more than average ability, and possessed of an accurate literary judgment, Mrs. Wallace is an invaluable assistant to her husband in his work. She is a tireless worker, rapid yet very painstaking, and an expert at proof-reading. General Wallace is himself his severest critic, and after an incident or a chapter has been written, re-cast probably a dozen times and criticised from every stand-point, it is given to Mrs. Wallace and runs the gauntlet of her critical judgment. There is a singular harmony of tastes between the two, and in this wise the literary partnership is productive of the most satisfactory results. The home of the Wallaces is in Crawfordsville, Ind., and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens, and are destined to make much more. Almost anything General Wallace chooses to write is an assured success, and he can therefore command high prices for his work. The sales of "Ben Hur" alone have brought him over \$30,000, and its success has also made "The Fair God" a fast-selling book. For his "Boyhood of Christ" and his biography of President Harrison he received very big payments, while for his new novel he will be paid what to many would be a snug little fortune. For Mrs. Wallace's published works there is also a steady demand, so that this literary couple manage remarkably well to secure a large share of the sweets of literature.

AFFINITY.

We gave no sign, no outward difference made
In speech or attitude, but in that hour
When first voice answered voice, glad and afraid,
We saw a new life rise in strength and power;
A Presence, Fate's strong shadow, seemed to call
To us, and touch us, and our spirits grew
Into each other, as shed tears might fall
At eve, and mingle with great drops of dew.
So must it be, though we should live apart,
Or hand touch hand in hourly fellowship,
Years pass with never word from heart to heart,
Or thoughts be daily read on brow and lip.
As star knows star across the ethereal sea,
So soul feels soul to all eternity.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

HUMOUROUS.

SOME one asked an old lady about a sermon, "Could you remember it?" "Remember it? La, no! The minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."

IMPATIENT GUEST (at seaside): Where in the world is that waiter. Head Waiter: Was he 43, sir? Impatient Guest: he may have been 43 when I gave him the order, but he's fifty by this time.

THE GREAT DRESSMAKER.—Really, Madam, I do not think that dress would be appropriate for you. It does not match your hair. Mrs. De Swine: Well, I'm going to have it, any way. What colour should I dye my hair.

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER: Cutlets, you may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice. Cutlets: Indeed. Have any of your borders left? Boarding-house keeper: No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love.

ARISTOCRATIC NEW YORK LADY: I'd like to know, Bridget, what has become of all the roast beef and cake that was left over from dinner yesterday? Bridget: Sure, mum, didn't yer niver have a perlace man callin' on yez when yer were of my age?

SCOTCH HOST (beaming with smiles, to guests round table): Noo, my freens, there's an auld sayin',—Mak' yer-sels at hame; for I'm at hame, and I wish ye were a' at hame! Amiable Hostess (wishing to put matters right): Hoot, toot! Never mind my auld man. He jist says what he thinks!

EMBARRASSING.—"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour. "Once or twice—but it was embarrassing." "Why?" "We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."

"WHY, Bobby, what are you doing? It is wrong to crack nuts on Sunday. Put them away. You mustn't crack another one." She left him looking a little disappointed, and soon heard him pounding again. Returning, she said, "Bobby, why don't you mind me?" "Zis isn't nuzzer one," replied the little four-year-old, "Zis same one."

AN absent-minded German professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, saluted him with, "Good evening, Herr Professor. How are you?" "I was very well, I thought, answered the professor, "but now I don't know what's the matter with me. For the last half hour I've been limping."



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.—After a public dinner.

DEPARTING GUEST: Say, Snowflake, where's my hat?

SNOWFLAKE: What did it look like, sah?

DEPARTING GUEST: It is a new silk hat!

SNOWFLAKE: Very sorry, sah! but the new hats are all gone this half-hour.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but a emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAINS NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH or ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,

Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing December 29th, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

From Windsor Street Station:

FOR SHERBROOKE—4.00 p.m. and 7.35 p.m.

FOR ST. JOHNS, Farnham, etc., 9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 7.15 p.m., 7.35 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc., 9.00 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.

FOR ST. JOHN, N.B. and Halifax, N.S. 7.35 p.m.

FOR NEWPORT—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 7.15 p.m.

FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, 9.20 a.m. For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc., 7.15 p.m.

FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, 10.00 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.

FOR SAULT STE. MARIE, St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc., 10.00 a.m.

FOR VAUDREUIL, WINCHESTER, ETC., 9.20 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

From Dalhousie Square Station:

FOR QUEBEC, 8.10 a.m., (3.30 p.m. Sundays only) and 10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N.B., 10.00 p.m.

FOR THREE RIVERS, 8.10 a.m., (3.30 p.m. Sundays only) 5.00 p.m. and 10.00 p.m.

FOR JOLIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel etc., 5.00 p.m.

FOR OTTAWA, 8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., 8.40 p.m.

FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver, 8.40 p.m.

FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.

FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

From Bonaventure Station:

FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville etc., 3.40 p.m., from St. Lambert, connecting with Grand Trunk 3.15 p.m. train from Bonaventure Station.

FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 5.00 p.m.

† Except Saturdays.

† Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only, unless otherwise shown.

* Parlor and Sleeping Cars on trains so marked.

† No connection for Portland with this train leaving Montreal, Saturdays.

American Customs Officer at Windsor and Dalhousie Sq. stations to examine baggage destined for the United States.

TICKET OFFICES 266 ST. JAMES STREET,

Windsor and Balmoral Hotels.

Windsor Street and Dalhousie Sq. Stations.

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BY TEES & CO.,

THE DESK MAKERS,

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Inlaid Flooring of every description; Elegant and durable. See our REVOLVING BOOKCASES.

GLACIER WINDOW DECORATION.

An Effective Substitute for Stained Glass

At a Fraction of the Cost.

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PAPER HANGING AND WINDOW SHADES.

1735 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

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Slate, Metal and Composition, Galvanized Iron Corncing, Skylights, and Metal Works of every description made to order.

GEORGE W. REED,

Slate, Metal and Gravel Roofer,

783 & 785 CRAIG ST.

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INVALUABLE TO LADIES,

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Fresh Complexion.

Delicate Skin.

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MARIE DU BOYERS'

Specialties to Toilet and Complexion.

Guaranteed Non-Injurious.

Pamphlet on "Beauty," post free on application to MARIE DU BOYER, 41, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

NOTE:—Beware of common inferior imitations offered by unscrupulous traders for the sake of increased profit.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,

Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.